

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3357 —VOL CXXIII

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1903

SIXPENCE.

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved.



THE RISING IN THE BALKANS: A DETACHMENT OF TURKISH TROOPS CUT OFF IN THE MOUNTAINS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

In Mr. Henry James's delightful article on Zola in the *Atlantic Monthly*, there is a striking impression of the man himself, with the resolute shoulders, the thin, aggressive lips, the face lined with prodigious and merciless effort. He produced a novel a year: five months to collect his documents, seven to write the book; and this process, prolonged without intermission, had left its mark so strongly upon him that to Mr. James it seemed as if the Rougon-Macquarts had written Zola. He was a personification of the method by which the natural history of a family under the Second Empire had unfolded itself in twenty volumes. Thérèse Humbert, on the other hand, seems to me a personification of Gaboriau. Nominally dead, he continues to project his creations into the visible world, and she is the greatest of them. What better proof of this could you have than one story which is told on her behalf? Illicit offspring of a wealthy sugar-refiner, she has long been entitled to a vast heritage, delayed by the excellent health of the testator's widow. He was called Crawford; with him a creditor or two had interviews when they became uneasy. His widow, to make amends for her longevity, lent Thérèse the famous bonds when it was necessary to show those creditors the interior of the safe. The bonds were real; they would be Thérèse's property some day: what was the harm of utilising them as securities for loans?

Of course, they could not always be in the safe. When a celebrated pie was opened, the four-and-twenty blackbirds, baked therein, burst into song. But Thérèse Humbert's safe had to be opened one day when her blackbirds had flown. Gaboriau, you see, had arranged that it was essential to his plot; it was the kind of mishap that could befall nobody save the illicit offspring of a sugar-refiner. You may say she need not have lived on such an extravagant scale, and borrowed such large sums; but when your parentage has to be suppressed to hide a family scandal, you must be revenged on society, and you show rather a fine discrimination by taking it out of usurers and grasping investors. That is Gaboriau's view of life, and Thérèse, in her choice of dupes, showed a native delicacy that reminds me of Robin Hood, who robbed only the very rich and rapacious citizens. If the illicit offspring spared the deserving, what more would you have her do? Who wants to paint the lily, or sweeten refined sugar? Besides, is there much to choose in point of morals between the financial operations of Thérèse and the gambling which is called business? If you sell corn or cotton which you do not possess, are you qualified to throw stones at the owner of that empty safe? She was heiress to the bonds, if not their actual possessor; but you are not heir to the corn or cotton. Nor have you the excuse of being the illicit offspring of a sugar-refiner. Go to, then!

The entire Humbert case I take to be a novel of Gaboriau's, which he has constructed by some process unknown to science. But science cannot explain radium, so it need not scoff at my theory. Except by the will of Gaboriau, Thérèse has no existence. The Daurignacs may be real enough, with the possible exception of Romain, who knew a lady for many years, but had no time to marry her. Romain may be a flash of the novelist's humorous fancy. I shall not be at all surprised if Thérèse should vanish like the Witches in "Macbeth," making herself air, as soon as the public interest fades, and Gaboriau sees his romance declining in circulation. Where is Du Paty de Clam? Once so notorious, he is never heard of nowadays. Why? Because there never was no such person; because he was invented by Balzac, who saw in the Dreyfus affair a novel after his own heart. Bless you, Du Paty, with his inquisitor's lantern, which was flashed in the face of the sleeping Dreyfus, is as unsubstantial as the glorious Vautrin, assassin and galley-slave, who could always make himself look like somebody else by mutilating his face. Mr. James says that when Zola came to write a novel on the Dreyfus case, he failed signally. No wonder! Was it likely that Balzac would let a rival novelist appropriate his finest creations?

I have read a letter in the *Times*, signed by Mr. William Heinemann and Mr. Joseph Pennell, who tell us that nothing could be more vexatious to the soul of Whistler than any exhibition of his works by the Royal Academy, or even the acquisition of those masterpieces by the nation. It was not only the painters of Burlington House who offended him; it was the whole British people, who neglected his genius, and whom he despised to the last. Mr. Pennell and Mr. Heinemann are visibly impressed by the tremendous importance of this message. The master is gone, but they are here to protest against the profanation of his work by honours from this wretched island! What! A Whistler exhibition in Piccadilly! Mr. Heinemann and Mr. Pennell will stand in the doorway, beating

their breasts, tearing their garments, heaping ashes on their heads, and in other picturesque ways cutting themselves off from the community which sanctions this inexpiable outrage. If the National Gallery were to collect Mr. Whistler's paintings, Mr. Pennell and Mr. Heinemann would not adopt the old Eastern custom, and array themselves in sackcloth. But nothing, I am sure, would be more entertaining to the soul of the master.

For, just as Gaboriau has written Thérèse Humbert, so Whistler has made two capable men the agents of his posthumous bitterness. We want to forget Whistler the jester, the Whistler who practised "the gentle art of making enemies" with such misguided pertinacity that the public were not allowed to remember that he practised another and a better art. We want to think of Whistler the painter and etcher; and here are two of his friends who tell us solemnly that for the nation to do him homage in these relations is to do him wrong! Mr. Heinemann is a very rational publisher. He must hope that the biography of Whistler, upon which, I understand, an admirably competent and charming writer is engaged, will be widely appreciated. But does he not see that it is just as insulting to Whistler's memory to appreciate a biography of him as to make a national collection of his pictures? Mr. Heinemann, I presume, will publish the book; but as the sales mount up, he will not rush into the *Times* again, exclaiming, "More insults!" He will not treat every favourable review as a fresh stigma. Nor whenever a new edition is called for, will he issue a protest in these terms: "A public without conscience and without remorse demands another edition of this biography. I yield to the cynical and disgraceful clamour; but let it be clearly understood that every additional copy sold is a further indignity to the memory of my lamented friend."

Wanted, "a young man, with a solid, serious face." This is not an advertisement: it is the cry of a philosopher who complains in a morning paper that young men of one-and-twenty go about town in straw hats, turned up in front and flapping behind, and that their faces wear an expression of fatuous self-complacency. Does he want to see them with resolute eyes and firmly compressed lips, looking like the youth in the poem, who carried a banner with a strange device up an Alpine mountain, unaccompanied by a guide, and quite reckless of his personal safety? I am told that the face of the young man at the wheel—the motor-car steering-wheel—often wears that serious expression. "Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal." That is the poetic legend imprinted on his features, although nervous persons may declare that his manner of driving makes the grave unpleasantly imminent for somebody. I read in the morning paper, by the way, that an enterprising traveller in Lapland has entered the Arctic Circle on a motor-car, and is apparently speeding towards the North Pole. Has he a solid, serious face, or, like Shelley's Alastor, does he wear a radiant smile?

Gambolling in the Arctic Circle, the motor-car is untrammelled by Acts of Parliament, and the driver may laugh with child-like glee when he thinks that no rural constables are lurking round the corner of an iceberg. To be sure, there is the Polar bear, who may resent the intrusion; and I daresay a conference of Polar bears is sitting at this moment to concert measures for imposing a speed limit. Probably they have discovered that the primitive method of imposing that limit by standing in front of the car is ineffective, though I trust that the motor is fitted with a bear-catcher to toss Bruin playfully aside when he tries to hug the young man with the sparkling goggles. But when he has found the North Pole, this motorist, I presume, will return to civilisation looking at least as solemn as Nansen. Moreover, there is great hope for the gravity of the young Americans who are about to study journalism at Columbia University, in the college on which Mr. Pulitzer, proprietor of the *New York World*, is to spend half a million sterling. They are to acquaint themselves with the law of libel, and to acquire "a proper sense of responsibility to the public." My only fear is that such an exacting course will imperil the future of American humour.

Imagine the consternation of an American editor of the old school, say the editor of the *New York World*, if he had to remonstrate with his young men, graduates of Columbia, upon the excessive caution of their statements; and they answered him, "We must observe the law of libel, for although it is seldom operative in this country of ours, it is the guiding star of our University training. Do not ask us to be blithe and gay when we feel so acutely our responsibility to the public." Has Mr. Pulitzer reckoned with this danger? Perhaps there will be a professor of humour in the college, say Mr. Brander Matthews, who will teach the young journalist how to combine gaiety with prudence. But I have misgivings. The faces of young Americans, as they appear in Mr. Dana Gibson's drawings, grow more solid and serious every year, and Mr. Pulitzer's scheme may complete the eclipse of the national spirits.

RUSSIA IN THE NEAR AND FAR EAST.

The position of Russia to-day can scarcely be described as enviable. Distracted by internal disorders, she is surrounded by difficulties abroad. There was, perhaps, never a time in her history when she more urgently needed the services of statesmen of the first order of ability, and there was probably never a period when there was a greater dearth of such men in that country. It would seem as though the race of great Russians had died out, to be succeeded by a race of pigmies. Of the good intentions of the present Emperor, of his sincerity and nobility of mind, there cannot be two opinions; nevertheless, nobody can deny that he has given no indication of being cast in the iron mould of his heroic ancestors. He is surrounded by Ministers and relatives whose principal occupation would appear to be to intrigue against each other. Nor can it be said with truth of the Russian Government that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety. There are three distinct forces in Russia to-day, each struggling for ascendancy: the mystic and fanatical reactionism as typified by M. de Pobedonostzeff, which has succeeded in alienating from Russia her most loyal subjects—namely, the Finns, the population of the Baltic Provinces, the Armenians, and even the Georgians; the mediæval commercialism of M. de Witte, who created industries only to ruin them; and the aggressive militarism of General Kuropatkin, an officer educated in the school of Skobelev, and with a considerable following. Count Lamsdorff, a well-meaning and conscientious diplomatist, is scarcely a match for these gentlemen. The three Ministers above referred to have sown discontent and created distress throughout the land, and now oil has been poured upon the flames by the appointment of the Machiavellian de Plehve, Russia's "strong" man, to break the rebellious spirit of the people.

Nevertheless, although her peasantry are starving, her working classes disaffected, and her commercial classes ruined, the foreign policy of Russia appears to the outside spectator still to follow that inevitable course which appeals so strongly to the imagination.

The expansion of Russia is, however, less the result of a carefully conceived and consistently pursued plan than a historical necessity, the consequence of circumstances beyond her control. Russia has been very much in the same position in which we are in India: she has been compelled to conquer her turbulent neighbours; and she has often been led into adventures she had little stomach for by the uncontrollable ambition of her soldiers and statesmen. It takes a strong ruler to curb the excessive zeal of over-loyal and not entirely unselfish servants.

The intelligent Russian does not share the blind admiration for his statesmen which is felt for them in this country. He only sees the mistakes they have made, and sensitively resents the innumerable humiliations to which they have subjected his country. Few Russians can be persuaded to talk calmly of the Turkish War of 1876-77 or of the Treaty of Berlin. That war was forced upon Russia by public opinion, for there is public opinion even in Russia.

In the present state of feeling in Russia it seems that she may have some difficulty in remaining inactive while her Macedonian co-religionists are massacring and being massacred. For good or evil, Russia has assumed the rôle of the protector of the Greek Orthodox Church in South-Eastern Europe, and she cannot with safety refuse to play her part. M. Pobedonostzeff, for one, will not allow her to do so if he can help it. M. Zinovieff, the Russian Ambassador in Constantinople, is believed to be playing M. Pobedonostzeff's game, and there is a very large party in Russia with powerful influence who have also to be reckoned with. Of course the Macedonian question is a very complicated one, and not easy of solution, but then these complicated questions have a way of solving themselves, and Russia cannot afford to allow the Macedonians to be their own liberators. It is absolutely necessary that she should pose as their saviour. The moment is certainly unfavourable, for Russia is distracted by internal disorders, and it may not be safe to denude her Southern provinces of troops. On the other hand, a war for the emancipation of their co-religionists from the Turkish yoke may awaken the enthusiasm of the lower classes, and distract their attention from their own grievances. Besides, Turkey may be intimidated by a naval demonstration and introduce the reforms that are needed, or allow the provinces to be administered by some Baron Kallai or other.

The situation is all the more serious because Russia has her hands full in the Far East, and it is quite possible that Japan might seize the opportunity to pay off old scores. The Russian Government does not, however, profess to take Japan very seriously. She underates her military and naval forces, and considers that her 300,000 troops, more or less, under Vice-Admiral Alexeieff, are more than sufficient to keep Japan at bay. Moreover, if the latest information from Japan is to be trusted, the Japanese are not anxious to precipitate matters. They are credited with a desire to Japanise China, and are said to be looking forward to a time—possibly not far distant—when the Empress-Dowager of China shall have ceased to be a living force for good or evil, and the two yellow races will unite to proclaim and enforce a sort of Monroe Doctrine for Asia, and to drive Russia back to Europe. The peaceful invasion of Russia by the Chinese appears to have already begun, and has even led to "atrocities" of a certain kind, for the Russian has a barbaric way of resenting competition. Who knows whether or when the war-like invasion will follow! Russia's action in creating a Viceroyalty in the Far East certainly looks as though she wanted to have her hands free nearer home, and had for that reason delegated her authority to a satrap, who has been placed in a position to act independently of the Russian Foreign Office. We shall probably learn shortly that the 300,000 Russians under the Viceroy are to act as a stiffening to a large native army, good enough, in Russian opinion, to meet the Japanese.

E. F. BRAYLEY HODGETTS.

THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.

Unless a late harvest should necessitate postponement, the Army Manœuvres will begin on Sept. 7, and will last a week. The opposing forces will operate in Wiltshire, Hampshire, and West Berkshire, and at the commencement of hostilities will be some sixty miles apart. Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir John French are to be allowed as much latitude as possible in the distribution of their troops and in their lines of advance. Farmers and others in those districts concerned will learn, with satisfaction, of the formation of a special board which will arrange that full compensation shall be given for damage done.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The Naval Manœuvres came to a somewhat abrupt conclusion with what was apparently a decisive victory for Fleet "B," under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson. The two divisions of the Fleet, the second under Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, formed a junction to the north-west of the main group of the Azores at eight o'clock on the night of Aug. 8, and on the following afternoon met Sir Compton Domville, who had ten battle-ships to his opponents' fourteen. A two-hours battle followed, in which Sir Arthur Wilson was presumably victorious, though both sides claimed the honours. The *Benbow*, which has been described as a "lame duck," provided one of the surprises of the manœuvres by being the only battle-ship of Admiral Wilson's Home Fleet that kept up the required speed from Berehaven to the north of the Azores. The combined fleets arrived at Lagos on Aug. 13, there to begin a series of tactical exercises. After these, the Home and Channel Fleets will return to England, stopping for a short time at Lisbon.

ALIEN IMMIGRATION.

The Report of the Commission on Alien Immigration raises the question whether the old policy of admitting foreign refugees without distinction should remain unmodified. There is no doubt that the poorest class of Russian and Polish immigrants swell the population in the overcrowded areas of our great cities. The housing problem is difficult enough, but the difficulties are increased by the constant stream of incoming paupers. This country has maintained "the right of asylum" for many generations, and that right has given us in past times some of the best foreign brains and industrial energy. But many aliens who come to us now are undesirable on every ground. The Commission proposes that this kind of immigration should be restricted, and perhaps some of the restrictions are scarcely feasible. Mr. Arnold White has suggested that the restrictions should be applied to the immigrants not when they arrive, but before they embark. It may be impossible to send them back to countries that refuse to take them, but they might be prevented from starting unless provided with certificates from a British Consul.

THE JOYS OF "DUMPING."

A pamphlet by Mr. James Bridge, formerly secretary to Mr. Carnegie, makes some interesting revelations. One of Mr. Carnegie's partners in the Pittsburgh business, Mr. C. M. Schwab, declared four years ago that the company were selling steel rails in England at sixteen dollars a ton, or three dollars less than the cost price of our native manufacture. At the same time the Carnegie rails were sold in America, and still are, at twenty-eight dollars a ton, thus showing a handsome profit on both sides of the water. The same thing holds good, said Mr. Schwab, of all the steel and iron products. This is a new light on "dumping," for hitherto we have supposed that the "dumpers" undersold us in our own markets without direct profit. But now it appears they gain both in our market and the American market, and New York is asking why the tariff should be kept up for their benefit. Here we may well ask how it is that Pittsburgh can make rails so much more cheaply than they are made in this country. Will the fiscal inquiry tell us?

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE MEDAL AND THE MAID," AT THE LYRIC.

After a brief holiday interval the successful musical comedy of "The Medal and the Maid" has returned to the Lyric Theatre, considerably revised in form and partly recast. Quite a radical alteration has been effected in its second act, the scene of which, it may be remembered, is laid in a brigand-ridden Greek island; and now, with a larger admixture of adventure and fun, with a fresh supply of brisk songs and dances, and with that constant succession of tuneful melodies which Mr. Sidney Jones's scores always contain, there is no brighter extravaganza in town than "The Medal and the Maid." The main changes of cast involve the substitution of Miss Ada Blanche for that piquant artist, Miss Ada Reeve, and of Mr. Dagnall for the droll Mr. Sullivan; and so closely and so spiritedly do Miss Blanche and Mr. Dagnall copy the methods of their predecessors that these latter might almost still seem filling the rôles of the arch school-mistress and her Levantine music-master.

The Brighton Railway Company has issued a booklet detailing the facilities it offers to visitors to the South Coast and the Isle of Wight. It is illustrated, and is printed in three languages—English, French, and German.

We understand that Alderman Edward Robinson, J.P., of the well-known firm of Robinson and Cleaver, Limited, linen-manufacturers, presented a picture of his Majesty the King, by Archibald Stuart Wortley, to the Corporation of Belfast. This picture has been accepted by them, and will eventually be hung in the new City Hall.

CHATTO AND WINDUS, PUBLISHERS.

IN LAKELAND DELLS AND FELS. By W. T. PALMER, Author of "Lake-Country Rambles." With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. cloth, 1½ top 6s.

PRINCE HAGEN: a Phantasy. By UPTON SINCLAIR, Author of "King Midas," &c. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d. [Aug. 27.]

THE MYSTERY OF LINCOLN'S INN. By ROBERT MACHRAY, Author of "The Vision Splendid." Crown 8vo. cloth, gilt top, 6s. [Aug. 27.]

ESSAYS AND HISTORIETTES. By Sir WALTER BESANT, Author of "As we are and as we may be," &c. Crown 8vo. cloth, gilt top, 6s. [Sept. 3.]

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE, and other Papers. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. (NEW VOLUME OF THE ST. MARTIN'S LIBRARY.) Pott 8vo. cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net. [Sept. 3.]

PHIL MAY'S SKETCH-BOOK. Containing 54 Cartoons by that famous Humorous Artist. Large folio, cloth, 2s. 6d. London: CHATTO AND WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

FAST PASSENGER SERVICE. LONDON TO ST. PETERSBURG DIRECT. Via Kiel Canal. Voyage, 4½ days. The new powerful Steamers—"IRKUTSK," 246 tons; "KURGAN," 253 tons; "VOLOGDA," 253 tons; Leave London every Tuesday and St. Petersburg every Thursday. First-class Fares, £5 15s. single, and £9 10s. return, including victualling. Cabin de Luxe with Private Sitting Room attached. Terms on application. For further particulars apply to TEGNER, PRICE & CO., 107, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

C. P. R. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

LIVERPOOL TO CANADA.

First Cabin, £14; Second, £7 and £8; Third, £5 10s., every Tuesday. S.S. "Mount Temple" (twin-screw, 11,300 tons), Aug. 25. S.S. "Lake Champlain" (twin-screw, 7750 tons), Sept. 1.

JAPAN, CHINA, AUSTRALIA.

Fast luxurious travel. Steamers leave Vancouver as follows: "Athenian" (for Japan), September 21. "Moana" (for Australia), September 18. Through Tickets to Japan, Australia, or Around the World, providing Atlantic passage by any Line.

TOURS. Some of the world's grandest scenery is along the Canadian Pacific Line. For Berths or Free Guide Books, apply to Canadian Pacific Railway, 67, King William Street, E.C., or 30, Cockspur Street, S.W.

NORTH OF SCOTLAND AND ORKNEY AND SHETLAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S SUMMER CRUISES.

From ALBERT DOCK, LEITH, to CAITHNESS and the ORKNEY and SHETLAND ISLANDS, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, and from ABERDEEN five times a week, from May 1 to September 30.

ST. MAGNUS HOTEL, HILLSWICK, SHETLAND, now open under the Company's management. Comfortable quarters and excellent Cuisine. Grand Rock Scenery and good Loch and Sea Fishing in the neighbourhood.

Full particulars, Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company, 102, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.; Wordie and Co., 75, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Hourston, 1, Tower Place, Leith.

CHARLES MERRYLEES, Manager, Aberdeen.

CRUISES ON S.Y. "ARGONAUT" (4000 Tons). Organised by Dr. LUNN and Mr. PEROWNE.

£11 11s. 14 DAYS' CRUISE TO LISBON, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, and PALMA. Leaving Sept. 23.

£36 15s. CRUISE TO NAPLES, ATHENS, BATOU, for TIFLIS and CAUCASUS; THE CRIMEA, CONSTANTINOPLE, PATHOS, RHODES, PALESTINE, EGYPT, MALTA, and SARDINIA. The fare includes Return Ticket London-Marseilles via Dover and Calais, leaving Oct. 8.

THE SECRETARY, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, N.W.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

ADOPT FROST AND REED'S ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS OF NOTABLE PICTURES.

Apply to FROST AND REED, ART PUBLISHERS, of BRISTOL, for their ILLUSTRATED and Priced Catalogue of Etchings and Engravings containing over 140 Illustrations, enclosing 1s. in stamps (to partly cover cost), which sum will be refunded to purchasers.

ADDRESS:—

FROST AND REED, 8, CLARE STREET, BRISTOL; OR 47, QUEEN'S ROAD, CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

A large choice of Water Colour Drawings and Paintings always on Sale, and a Selection will be sent by hand anywhere in Britain for inspection. A SPECIALTY—The Reproduction of Old Pictures and Fine Old Prints effected with every regard to safe and cautious treatment. Apply for copy of Testimonial Brochure.

MONOCHROME COPIES BY THE PERMANENT AUTOTYPE CARBON PROCESS

OF PICTURES BY OLD MASTERS from the Principal Collections of Note.

An Illustrated Prospectus of Selected Examples of SACRED ART will be sent post free on receipt of name and address.

THE AUTOTYPE FINE ART CATALOGUE.

Now Ready. NEW EDITION. With upwards of 150 Miniature Photographs of Notable Autotypes, and 23 Tint-Block Illustrations. For convenience of reference the Publications are arranged Alphabetically under Artists' Names.

Post Free, ONE SHILLING.

THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY FINE ART GALLERY,

74, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

HARROGATE GRAND HOTEL.

THE HOTEL DE LUXE OF THE PROVINCES.

T. P. O'CONNOR, writing in a recent issue of "M.A.P.," says—

"The Grand Hotel is a beautiful building, standing on a healthy hill; is furnished with a luxury which might make even a Paris hotel envious; and it has Parisian cooks that might bear comparison without fear with even the chefs of such London palaces as the Savoy and Carlton. In this hotel you certainly have no reason to sigh for any other hotel in the world."

Furnished by Messrs. Goodall, Lamb, and Heighway, Ltd., Manchester. R. C. ULLRICH, Manager.

Also of the CAP MARTIN HOTEL, near MENTONE.

HARWICH

ROYAL BRITISH MAIL ROUTE.

HOOK OF HOLLAND—QUICKEST ROUTE TO HOLLAND AND CHEAPEST TO GERMANY.

Daily (Sundays included) at 8.30 p.m. from Liverpool Street Station.

NEW SERVICE TO BERLIN AND NORTH GERMANY. Through Carriages and Restaurant Cars between the Hook of Holland, Berlin, Cologne, and Bâle.

ANTWERP, every Week-day, at 8.40 p.m., from Liverpool Street Station. DIRECT SERVICE to Harwich, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car between York and Harwich.

The Great Eastern Railway Company's Steamers are steel screw vessels, lighted throughout by electricity, and sail under the British Flag.

HAMBURG, by G. S. N. Co.'s Steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

ESBJERG, for Denmark and Scandinavia, by the U.S.S. Co. of Copenhagen Steamers, Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

LIVERPOOL STREET HOTEL adjoins the London terminus. Particulars from H. C. AMENDT, Manager.

INTENDING TOURISTS TO GREATER CORK INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

Are advised to send Twelve Penny Stamps to the Superintendent of Line, Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin, and they will receive by return the Company's Revised Official Illustrated Guide and Tourist Programme, giving all information as to Hotels and Travel by Rail, Coach, Lake and River Steamers in the South and West, including

QUEENSTOWN, CORK, GLENGARIFF,

KILLARNEY, PARKNASILLA, VALENCIA, WATERVILLE, CARAGH LAKE, LAHINCH, KILKEE, CONNEMARA, UPPER AND LOWER SHANNON, &c. Through Bookings via Dublin, Waterford, and Cork.

EXCURSION TICKETS TO CORK will be issued from principal Stations on English and Scotch Railways.

VISITORS TO KILLARNEY are recommended to obtain their Tickets via the GRAND ATLANTIC COAST ROUTE, which embraces PARKNASILLA, Company's Hotels at KILLARNEY, KENMARE, PARKNASILLA, CARAGH LAKE, and WATERVILLE. Hotel Coupons issued at (Dublin) Kingsbridge, Waterford, and Cork Stations.

For full particulars as to Fares, &c., apply to: SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LINE, Kingsbridge Station (Dublin), or to Irish Railways London Office, 2, Charing Cross, London; Messrs. C. W. BULLOCK & CO., 22, Line Street, Liverpool; Messrs. J. WALLIS & SONS, 33, Bachelors Walk, Dublin; or any of Messrs. COOK'S Tourist Offices.

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

SPLENDID SCENERY, MOUNTAIN, LOCH, RIVER, GLEN, AND SEA.

PITLOCHRY.

Fine Coaching District. The Atholl Hydropathic. The Pitlochry Hydropathic.

NAIRN.

Lovely Seaside Resort.

FORRES.

Famed for the Dryness of its Climate. Cluny Hill Hydropathic.

FORT-AUGUSTUS.

Situate on Loch Ness. Sublime Scenery. Romantic History.

STRATHPEFFER SPA.

Under the Shadow of Ben Wyvis. Medicinal Springs of Great Value. Healthy Surroundings. Excellent Hotels.

INVERNESS.

The Capital of the Highlands. In the midst of Charming and Romantic Associations. Convenient Centre for Excursions by Coach or Steamer.

DORNOCH.

Celebrated for its Golf Course. Old-World Town by the Seaside.

Mr. CARNEGIE—"Did not think any other place, even in the Highlands of Scotland, possessed so many charms." T. A. WILSON, General Manager.

*The Highland Railway, Inverness, August 1903.

LONDON BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. PARIS & SWITZERLAND.—The Cheapest & Most Comfortable Route is via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, & ROUEN. Fast Royal Mail Steamers & Corridor Trains. Express Services leave London 10 a.m. & 8.50 p.m. daily. Through Bookings to all parts of France, Switzerland & Italy. Normandy & Brittany Tours. Cheap Week-end Tickets to Dieppe. Tours in Switzerland & Austrian Tyrol. Full particulars of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

CONNEMARA, GALWAY, ACHILL, AND WEST OF IRELAND.

Connemara Tourist Tickets issued at the Principal Stations in England and Scotland. Golfing, Boating, Bathing, and Fishing. Good Roads for Cyclists.

HOTELS at RECESS (Connemara), co. GALWAY, and at MALLARANNY, co. MAYO, owned and managed by the Railway Company.

For Tourist Guides and all information apply to—JOSEPH TATLOW, Manager. Midland Great Western Railway, Broadstone Station, Dublin.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. HOLIDAYS ON THE EAST COAST.

IMPROVED EXPRESS SERVICE. YARMOUTH in 2 hours 50 minutes. LOWESTOFT in 2 hours 45 minutes. CROMER in 2 hours 55 minutes.

BRACING CENTRES FOR BOATING, FISHING, GOLFING, CYCLING, &c.

INTERESTING EXCURSIONS TO THE NORFOLK BROADS, CATHEDRAL CITIES, AND PICTURESQUE HOLIDAY DISTRICTS IN EAST ANGLIA.

CHEAP FRIDAY TO TUESDAY, FORTNIGHTLY, AND TOURIST TICKETS ISSUED BY ALL TRAINS. Breakfast and Dining Cars.

All particulars and "Farmhouse and Country Lodgings List" free by post on application to Superintendent of the Line, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

FIRE EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.

Admission, 1s. DAILY 11 a.m. till 11 p.m. Fire. Prevention and Fire-Fighting Appliances. FIRE PICTURES AND FIRE RELICS. ANCIENT FIRE ENGINES, FROM 1514.

In the EMPRESS THEATRE. TWICE DAILY, at 3.30 and 9 p.m. Thousands of Reserved Seats from 6d. to 3s.

"FIGHTING THE FLAMES." GREAT CONFLAGRATION SCENE. Thrilling Episodes, Escapes, and Rescues.

NOT IMITATION, BUT STUPENDOUS REALISM. GRENADE GUARDS and HON. ARTILLERY CO.'S BANDS.

THE ASSOUAN VILLAGE—150 Natives from the Nile. CONTINENTAL CIRCUS. The Great Fire of London, 1666. The Martiniques—Survivors of Mont Pelée. River of Fiery Lava. Glacier Glide. Topsy-Turvy House. Spider's Web. Manège Mécanique. Biograph.

LONDON HIPPODROME,

CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS.

TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

MOHAWK MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS. ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. Every Evening at 8. Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 3. New Programme just produced. "The Jealous Husband," "Cuff and Collar Coons," &c. 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s. Children half price.

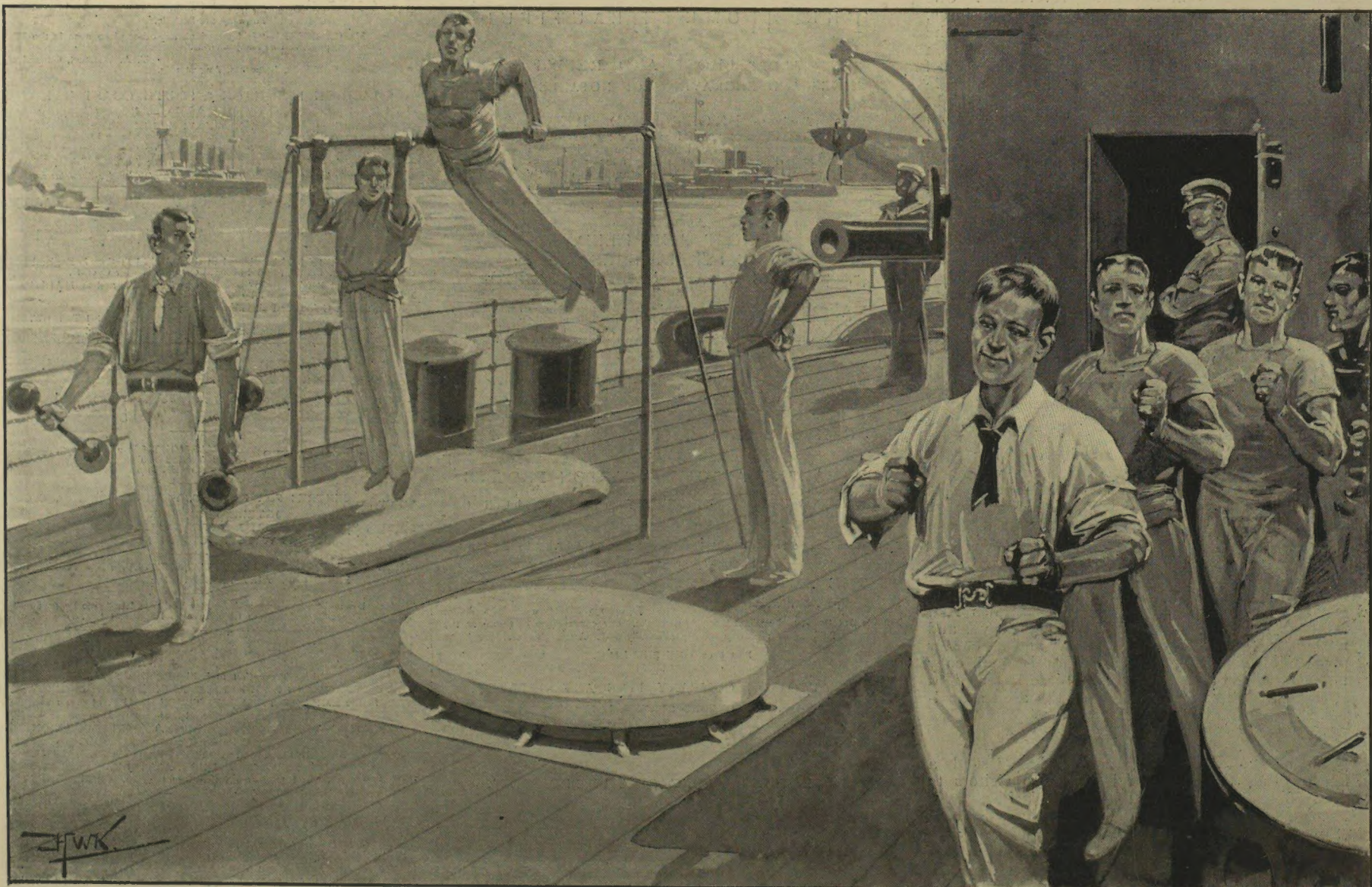
THE CONCLUSION OF THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: WORK AND PLAY.

DRAWINGS BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE MANŒUVRES; AND BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



THE BATTLE OFF THE AZORES, SEEN FROM THE FIGHTING-BRIDGE OF THE "RUSSELL."

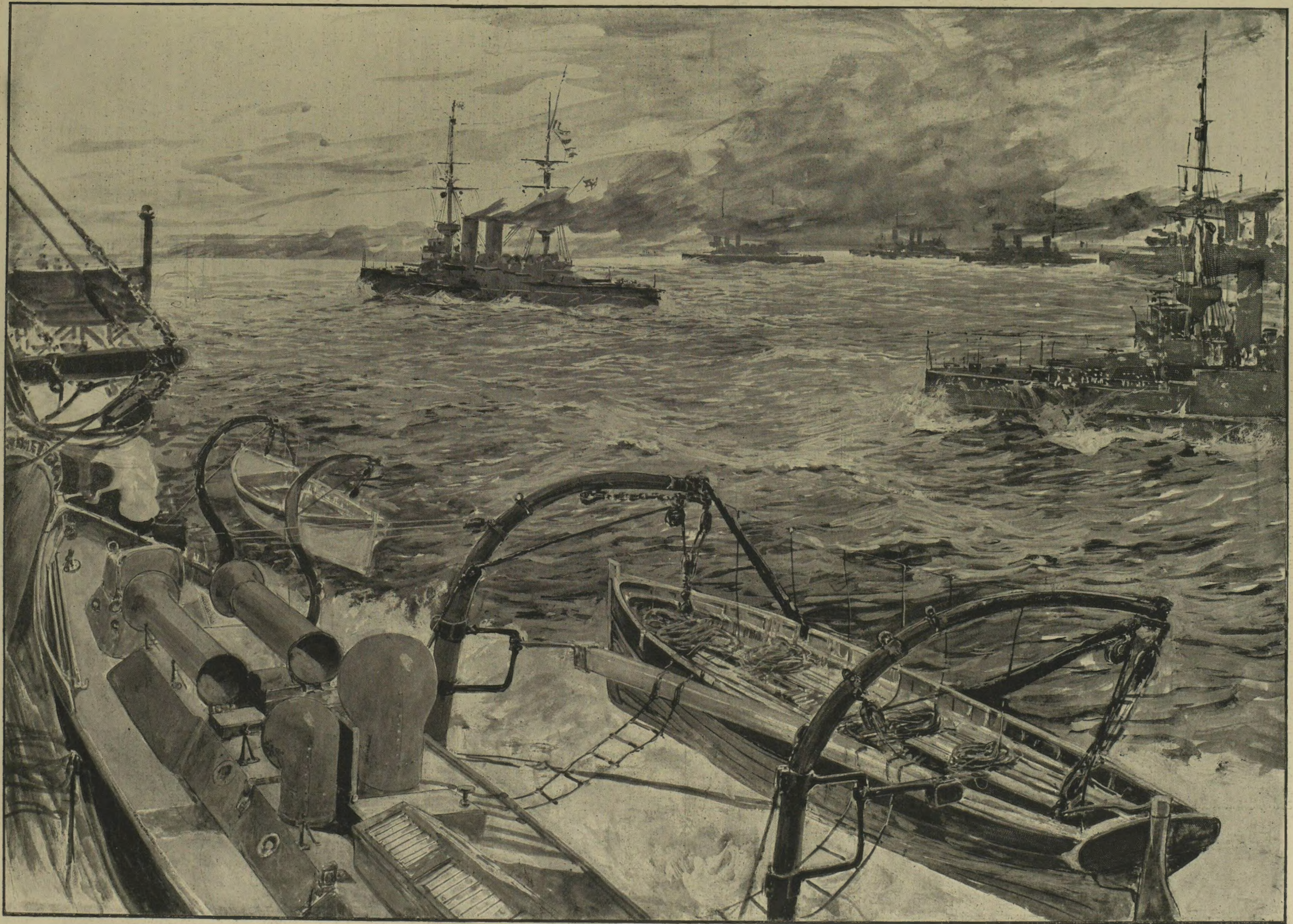
The battle between the Fleets under Admirals Wilson and Domville lasted two hours. Both sides claimed the victory, Admiral Domville claiming to have put four battle-ships out of action, and allowing the loss of three. In real warfare, everyone would, of course, be under cover.



OFFICERS OF THE "RUSSELL" EXERCISING ON THE QUARTER-DECK.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE ENEMY.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE MANŒUVRES.



THE MOST DRAMATIC INCIDENT OF THE OPERATIONS: THE CHASE BEFORE THE BATTLE OFF THE AZORES.

The Home and Channel Fleets, the latter starting from Madeira, formed a junction to the north-west of the main group of the Azores, at eight o'clock on the night of August 8, and met the enemy on the following afternoon.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING
AT MARIENBAD.

With his customary thoroughness in both large and small matters, the King, or we should, perhaps, say the Duke of Lancaster, is following the "cure" at Marienbad in all its restrictions. His Majesty lost no time, also, in beginning the treatment, drinking his first glass of the waters from the Kreuzbrunnen on the morning after his arrival. His day is marked by its simplicity. At six in the morning he takes a glass of the waters. By 7.15 he has appeared on the promenade, and here he takes his second glass, walking freely among the cosmopolitan group of patients. A simple breakfast, a walk, and work fill the morning. Lunch is taken at one o'clock; from three to six his Majesty drives out; at seven dinner is served. The pleasure of his Majesty's first day was marred by the discourteous persistence of a large and curious crowd, which followed him wherever he went, and necessitated the employment of police-agents to clear the way, but, as a result of vigorous protests on the part of the better-class patients and residents and the Burgomaster, this unpleasant feature of the royal visit has been almost eliminated.

THE NEW
COMMANDER-IN-
CHIEF AT
PORTSMOUTH.

The long-announced appointment of Admiral Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher to the chief command on the Portsmouth Station takes effect on Aug. 31, when Admiral Sir Charles Frederick Hotham vacates the post. Admiral Fisher, who has been Second Naval Lord since last year, was born in 1841, and entered the Navy in 1854. His service, both in war and peace, has been varied. His war record includes the capture of Canton and the Peiho Forts, the Crimea, the Chinese War of 1859 and 1860, and the Egyptian War of 1882. In time of peace he has been Director of Naval Ordnance, Admiral Superintendent at Portsmouth Dockyard, Controller of the Navy, Lord of the Admiralty, Commander-in-Chief on the North American and West Indies Station, delegate to the Peace Conference at the Hague, and Commander-in-Chief on the Mediterranean Station.

MILITARY RIDES.

Paris journalists endeavour to show that military knowledge is enlarged by the horse-race from Paris to Deauville. We can see no result, except the killing of two horses and the personal glorification of a lieutenant of dragoons. There was a military ride from Brussels to Ostend last year, for which one or two unfortunate animals had to be sacrificed. Some lieutenant or other distinguished himself then, but the world has forgotten his name. Why the military authorities in France have permitted this useless barbarity, we cannot imagine. They are perfectly familiar with the limits of endurance in horses, or else all wars from the earliest times have been waged in vain. They are also acquainted with the merits of all lieutenants of dragoons. We should have thought that to save horses from cruelty and waste, and to discourage lieutenants with more bravado than brains, the penalty of horse-whipping for riding a valuable mount to death would have commended itself to the oracles of military discipline in France. Our War Office is not distinguished by the highest wisdom, but it would not be proud of a lieutenant who should seek to add lustre to his regiment by imitating Dick Turpin's legendary ride to York.

LORD SALISBURY'S
HEALTH.

The alarming reports as to Lord Salisbury's health which were current at the beginning of the week have, fortunately, proved to be somewhat exaggerated. Though it would seem undeniable that the veteran politician's condition is grave, it is held that no danger is imminent. The bulletins have recorded a slight but steady increase in the patient's strength, and it is hoped that their issue will soon be rendered unnecessary.

A STRONGHOLD
FOR THE
GERMAN EMPEROR.

A story that is amusing by its very wildness comes from Germany. It originated in the *Vorwärts*, and is to the effect that the Emperor is about to construct an entrenched castle on the island of Pichelswerder, in the river Havel, between Potsdam and Berlin. This in itself would not be so extraordinary, but it is further stated that the castle will be the headquarters of the Imperial family, more especially during times of political trouble, and that the soldiers of the guard will be troops picked from the various battalions on whom absolute reliance could be placed in a possible revolution. Had the Sultan of Turkey been the hero of such a story, one might have half-believed it; but with the German Emperor as the chief figure it suggests highly-coloured romance.

RUSSIA'S VICEROY IN
THE FAR EAST.

That Russia does not choose to loosen her grip in the Far East is amply proved by the Imperial Ukase creating the Amur district and the Kwan-Tung territory a special Viceroyalty. Vice-Admiral Alexeieff, Aide-de-Camp General to the Emperor, who has been appointed the first administrator, has for some time been Superior-Chief and Commander-in-Chief of the Russian troops in Kwan-Tung and of the Russian Naval Forces in the Far East, and he is now vested with supreme authority over all branches of the civil administration. A special committee, under the Presidency of the Emperor, will see that his policy is in keeping with that of the Ministries. Admiral Alexeieff has already done much valuable work for his country, and has seen service on land as well as on sea. His most ardent partisans are said to believe that he captured the Taku Forts unaided,

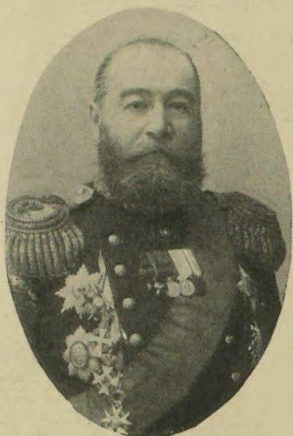


Photo. Lorens.
VICE-ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF,
RUSSIA'S VICEROY IN THE FAR EAST.

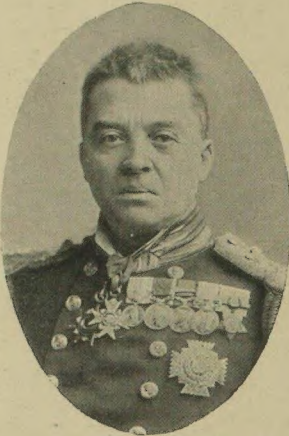


Photo. Russell.
ADMIRAL SIR J. A. FISHER,
THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
AT PORTSMOUTH.

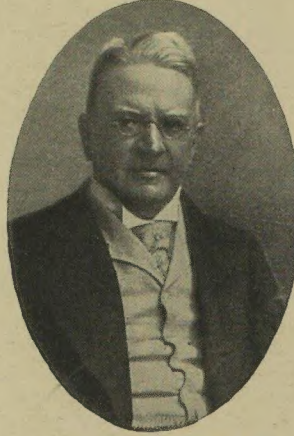


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DR. W. S. PLAYFAIR,
THE EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

relieved Tientsin, and rescued Admiral Seymour. His passion for Russian bridge is extraordinary, and a defeat at his favourite game makes him a dangerous master until the fit has passed. It is, perhaps, fortunate that he dearly loves a fight, for his qualities both as warrior and diplomatist are likely to be of value to him in the near future.

A MODERN NORMAN
INVASION.

Hastings, with the historic district surrounding it, is being subjected to a "Norman invasion," and, moreover, is finding considerable pleasure in it. The French society known as "Le Souvenir Normand," whose aim it is to revive the memory of past Norman greatness, and, by showing the strength of the bonds that unite all of Norman birth, to create a federation that shall establish peace and universal justice, began its annual meeting on Aug. 18 and will continue until Aug. 26. The programme of fêtes included visits to Battle Abbey, the battlefield of Hastings, Hastings Castle, St. Clement's Caves, Pevensey, Hurstmonceux, Ashburnham, Normanhurst,

AN INANIMATE
SCULPTOR.

There is now in the possession of Sir A. Conan Doyle and Mr. W. G. Jones a machine which it is claimed will be invaluable in the making of replicas of statuary or carved decorations for buildings, and which will save the lengthy process of "pointing" the marble when roughing-out busts from a clay model or cast. The machine is the invention of Auguste Bontempi, a young Italian engineer and sculptor, from whom its present owners acquired their rights. The method of working is fully described under our drawing on another page; but, with reference to the experiment from the life, it may be said that, in spite of the rigid fixing, the oscillation of the machinery caused the head to tilt slightly out of position after the work had been going on for some two hours, and that the resulting bust therefore remains merely an unfinished sketch. The principle, however, is so simple that, with a more perfect arrangement for securing the sitter, it should be possible to attain success in the carving of heads from life.

WATER WEED
CUTTING
BY MACHINERY.

The removal of weeds from lakes, rivers, or canals has hitherto been attended with much labour and cost, but a revolution in the old-world methods of shackling scythes together, and sawing them from opposite banks, or working scythes from punts, has been brought about by the invention of a weed-cutting machine. This apparatus consists of two V-shaped spring steel blades, having serrated edges, and formed by riveting sharp cast-steel sections on to the spring steel backs. These two knives are trailed from the boat and caused to oscillate sharply by a simple crank-movement, the effect being a sawing of the weeds asunder. It is claimed that this cutter will do the work of five hundred men employed in the antiquated fashion. One of these boats lately went through its trials on the Great Ouse, before being despatched to clear the weed-choked canals of East Demerara. The apparatus is the invention of Mr. Sanderson, of Bedford.

The Panama Canal is still "bobbing up serenely," and it is now certain that the Colombian Congress, which is discussing the treaty providing for the construction, has added amendments which cannot possibly be passed by the State Department in Washington. Colombia insists on a larger monetary grant than the United States is willing to give, and the probable result will be the abandonment of the present negotiations and the resumption of those with Nicaragua.

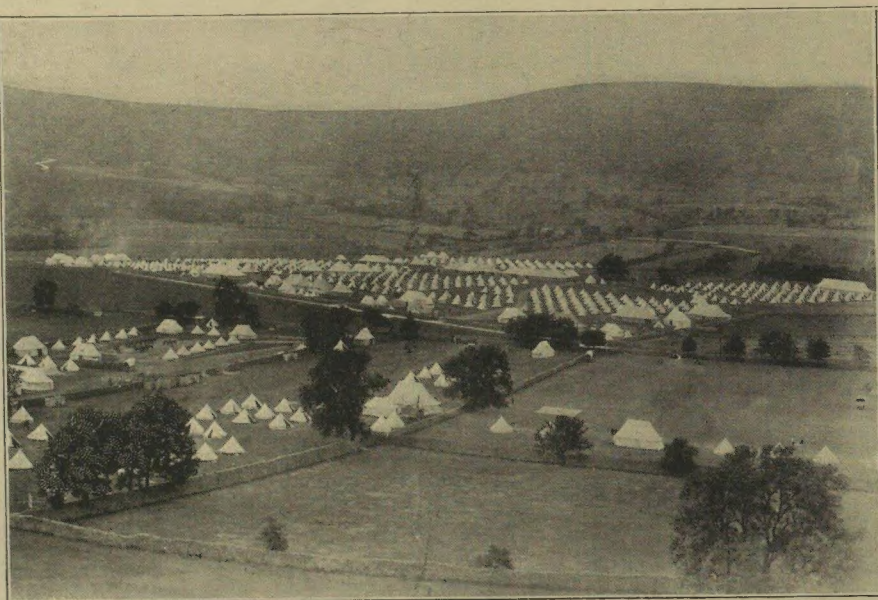
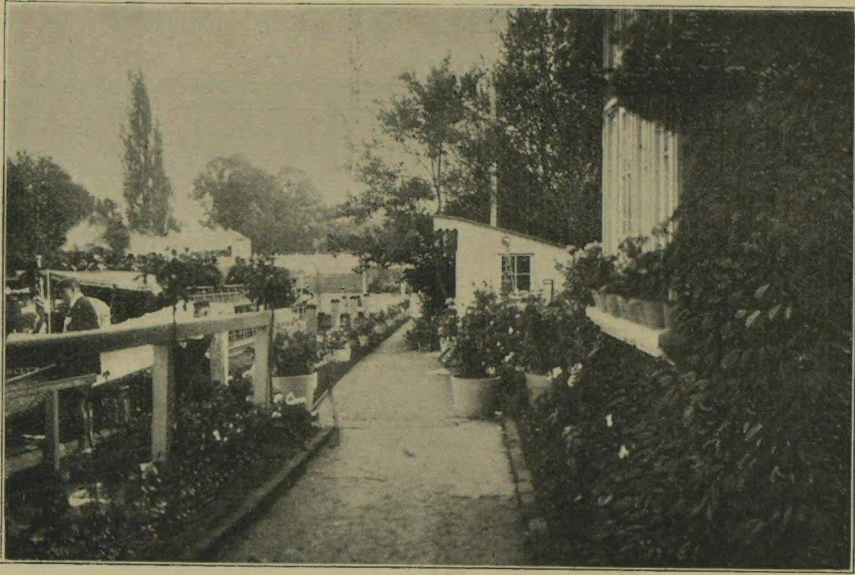


Photo. Barrett, Southsea.
A NEW WAR OFFICE PURCHASE: CASTLETON, DERBYSHIRE, WITH THE SHERWOOD FORESTERS UNDER CANVAS.

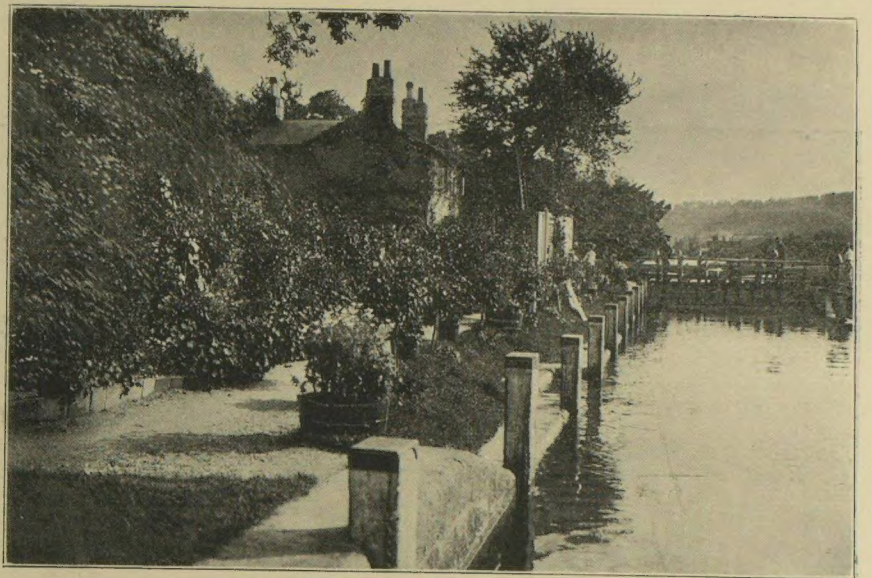
and Bodiam, the presentation of a new dramatic lyrical legend, "Herlève of Normandy, the Mother of the Conqueror," and performances of "Les Cloches de Corneville."

THE CYCLONE IN
JAMAICA.

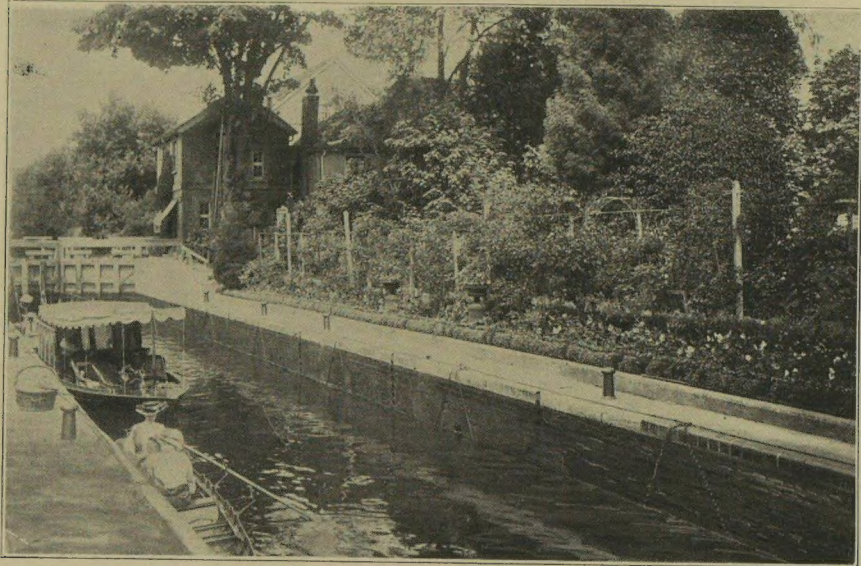
The grumbler at the quality of the weather lately furnished to Great Britain, should think himself lucky that he does not live in one of the too numerous districts where the conditions are many degrees worse and many times more dangerous. The West Indies were visited by a cyclone on Aug. 11, serious loss of life and property being attendant upon it. The greatest damage was done in the east and north-east, where buildings of all kinds were razed to the ground and the fruit plantations ruined. Port Antonio and other coast towns were practically destroyed. At the lowest estimate forty lives were lost. The Government is doing all that is possible, by the formation of relief committees, to assist the many who are homeless.



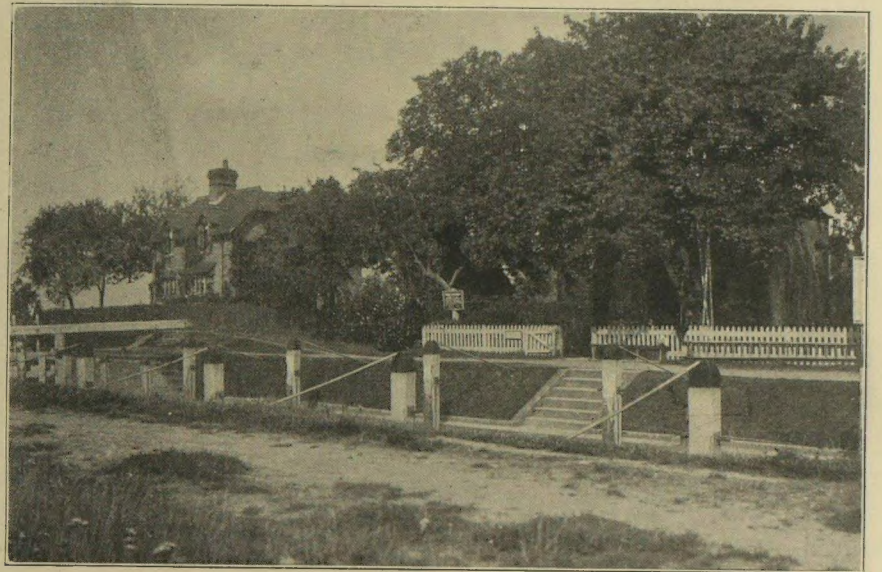
CLEEVE LOCK, GORING, FIRST IN SECTION TWO.



THE OTHER SIDE OF CLEEVE LOCK.



BOULTER'S LOCK, FIRST IN SECTION THREE.



WINDSOR OLD LOCK, FIRST IN SECTION FOUR.

WINNERS OF THE PRIZES GIVEN BY THE THAMES CONSERVANCY FOR WELL-KEPT LOCK GARDENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. G. CALLCOTT.



CAREFUL COMPETITORS LEADING THEIR HORSES.



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF SOFT GROUND.



LIEUTENANT ST. SAUVEUR'S DYING HORSE HELPED FORWARD BY SIX MEN.

THE FRENCH MILITARY RIDE FROM PARIS TO DEAUVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PENABERT, PARIS.

The stringent rules in force were inadequate to prevent cruelty, and two horses died in their stables as the result of the race. Lieutenant Beausil, of the 28th Dragoons, was the winner. He covered the last fifty miles in 4 hours 14 min. 45 sec.



THE TROPHY.



CAPTAIN DE LA TAILLE TENDING HIS HORSE.

A POSSIBLE AID TO IRISH PROSPERITY: TOBACCO-GROWING IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



1. A Field of English Tobacco in August: Removing Suckers. 2. "Picking Up" the Green Crop. 3. "Stripping" and Tying into Bundles for Hanging up in (4) The Curing Barn. 5. A Furnace for Heating without Danger of Fire. 6. Treading the Tobacco with Slipped Feet, after Curing, to Press for Packing. 7. The Virginia Plant. 8. The Yellow Prior. 9. The Kentucky. 10. The Orinoco. 11. The Maryland Broadleaf. 12. The Hester Virginia. 13. The One-Sucker. 14. The Connecticut. 15. The White Burleigh. 16. The Island Broadleaf. 17. The Big Frederick.

THE METHOD OF CULTIVATION AND SPECIMENS OF HOME-GROWN PLANTS.

Messrs. James Carter and Co., who, in 1886, gained the prize offered by the London Chamber of Commerce for the best English-grown tobacco, proved that in an average season a tobacco could be grown in this country of a far more honest quality than most of the ordinary "shag."



The Commissary pushed open the door just in time to prevent Macartney and Feilding attacking Lugard with chairs.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Lugard then related the manner of her father's and Hewitt's escape, adding that he had himself but heard the news a few hours previously.

"The convicts, as you know, Miss Adair, have an excellent system of communication, and almost as soon as I reached Sydney, that old rascal Lamont told me that he had just heard that your father and cousin succeeded in getting away together from Hewitt's hiding-place at Cattai Creek on board the whaler; furthermore, as far as Lamont knows, the authorities at Port Macquarie did not observe the vessel, or if they did, have not connected her with your father's disappearance. Bolton, the man who assisted us, is not a 'suspect,' and would be certain to do all he could to throw the officials off the scent. However, I can easily ascertain to-morrow what the Sydney authorities know—if they know anything at all."

"But where is the ship now, Captain Lugard?"

"Ah, I wish I could tell you that! But do not be alarmed. The weather for the past week has been much against her making her appearance so far south as Sydney—there has hardly been any wind at all. It is my belief that Captain Carroll, fearing that he might be overhauled, availed himself of what wind there was by standing to the eastward, and I shall look forward to be in communication with him at any time after to-morrow. I am having a good look-out kept, and the moment the brig is sighted you shall hear from me. Now tell me: will you, if I send you word, be able to leave Mrs. Grainger's house at any time of the day or night?"

"Yes."

"Good. If I am obliged to send for you in the day-time, you must make your way to old Lamont's place, where you will be safe until such time as we can get away out of Sydney to meet the brig. Montgomery will meet us at a given spot once we are safely out of the town and on our way to the coast. But I will not send for you in the day-time unless the urgency of immediate action is very great; I shall try to manage that you can walk to Lamont's house in the evening. You will have to put on a suit of boy's clothes—it will be better to do that than run unnecessary risks."

"I will do whatever you tell me, Mr. Lugard. Have no fear for me."

"I am sure of that; I know you are a brave young lady," said the American, who then gave her detailed instructions how to find Lamont's house, and a secret entrance thereto, leading from a back lane.

Then, after some further conversation, Helen rose, and bade the sailor good-night.

"Good-night, dear Miss Adair. Mrs. Mullane will see you safely home. I shall remain here for a while, and then slip away quietly."

CHAPTER XVI.

A quarter of an hour after midnight, as the landlord of the "Currency Lass" was seated in his own private parlour counting his day's takings, he was



HELEN ADAIR



By LOUIS BECKE.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

disturbed by the sound of angry voices upstairs, and almost at the same moment a knock sounded on the front door.

"What is the matter upstairs, Joe?" he called to the boots, who was just then descending.

"They're quarrellin', Sir—Colonel Macartney an' Mr. Feilden an' Mr. Wray—but Mr. Lugard has quietened 'em down. I heard him tell Mr. Feilden that if he didn't sit down he'd throw him downstairs."

"Ah, he's the right sort of man! Now, open that door quick and see who is there. I hope it ain't any more soldier gents—they're enough to drive one mad with their gambling and barneying."

The boots opened the door, and in an instant became very respectful when he saw who was the visitor.

"Mr. Commissary Rutland, Sir," he announced.

The landlord jumped to his feet with alacrity and saluted the great man.

"How are you, Bennett?" said the good-natured Commissary. "Who is upstairs?"

"Mr. Feilding, Colonel Macartney, Mr. Wray, and Mr. Lugard, Sir."

"All going it pretty heavily, I suppose, eh, Bennett?"

"They have been playing since ten o'clock, Sir," replied the landlord, who then added—knowing that he could speak freely to the Commissary—"and I shall be glad when they stop. Mr. Wray and Mr. Feilding were quarrelling a few minutes ago, and Mr. Lugard had to interfere, or I daresay there would have been a fight, Sir. Mr. Wray has taken a little too much, and so has Mr. Feilding; and Mr. Feilding is a very nasty-tempered man when he gets that way. Mr. Lugard threatened to throw him downstairs just now, Sir, so the boots was telling me."

The Commissary smiled, but said nothing; but the landlord knew that had Lugard carried out his threat he (the Commissary) would not have felt sorry. Nearly every one of Feilding's acquaintances—friends he had none, except the Reverend Joseph Marsbin—disliked the man, although they invited him to their houses and card parties. Moreover, there had grown up a suspicion that he and Colonel Macartney were not altogether straight in the manipulation of cards, and it was believed that the two "worked" together. Rutland had hinted as much as this to Lugard one day, not out of direct animus to the little magistrate, but merely as a friendly warning to the young American, whom he liked greatly.

"I guessed as much," Lugard had replied with a nod, "but I'll keep my weather eye lifting for the gentleman, and if he gets to windward of me, I'll do one of two things—I'll either forgive him for his cleverness, or I'll shake the life out of him."

The Commissary paused for a moment with his hand on the newel of the staircase, uncertain whether to go upstairs or not. He had come in at that late hour expecting to find some of his military friends there as usual—men

with whom he would often remain playing till the small hours of the morning—and he had no wish to meet Macartney or Wray or Feilding. However, he quickly decided when the sounds of a fresh altercation reached his ears, and he heard Macartney say in furious tones, "By heavens, Sir, I quite agree with Mr. Feilding, and let me tell you that I resent your interference in this matter as much as he does. It is presumptuous."

"Your resentment will not make me change my opinion," replied Lugard's cool, clear voice. "I say that Lieutenant Wray is *not* going to play any more to-night."

There was a sudden smash of glass, and the Commissary sprang up the stairs, three steps at a time, and pushed open the door, just in time to prevent Macartney and Feilding attacking Lugard with chairs.

The American was standing with his back to the fire-place, and Rutland saw that the overmantel behind him was shattered. Wray, whose flushed face showed that he had been drinking too much, was on his feet beside the American, but as he saw Rutland enter he threw himself unsteadily into a chair, laughed, and said—

"What a devil of a row over nothing! Macartney, you're an out-and-out beast. It's a pothouse trick to throw a decanter at a man."

Rutland walked over to Lugard and shook hands with him; Feilding and Macartney sat down sullenly and glared viciously at the American.

"How are you, Mr. Lugard? Sorry I've intruded." Then turning round quickly and facing Macartney—"What is wrong, Colonel? You don't mean to say that you threw a decanter at Wray?"

"I threw it at that fellow there," replied Macartney, husky with passion and pointing to Lugard, "and very sorry I am that I missed him."

Rutland looked at him in contemptuous silence; then his glance fell on Feilding, whose ugly features were twitching with ill-concealed passion.

"May I ask what was the cause of the disturbance, Mr. Lugard?" said Rutland suavely.

"Better hear the version of those two"—Lugard paused for a second—"gentlemen there"; and, cigar in mouth, he nodded nonchalantly towards his opponents.

Feilding sprang to his feet excitedly.

"Mr. Lugard has won four hundred and thirty pounds from me—"

"But I have not yet received the money," remarked Lugard caustically.

Feilding glared at him like a tiger, went to the writing-table, sat down, and began to write. No one disturbed him by speaking.

In a few minutes he had finished, and, coming over to Lugard with a slip of paper in his hand, gave it to him.

"There," he snarled, "is an order on my bankers for four hundred and thirty pounds. If you're too anxious to wait till the morning to cash it—"

"Oh, I'm in no hurry, Sir," replied Lugard quietly, who knew that the man's paper was better than his character; and, putting the order in his pocket, he resumed his former careless attitude.

"Well, Sir, as I was saying," began Feilding again, addressing himself to Rutland, who had now seated himself and was looking stolidly before him, although he found it hard to conceal his pleasure at Feilding's losses, "as I was saying, Mr. Lugard, after winning four hundred and thirty pounds from me, coolly refuses to play any longer, and urges Mr. Wray to cease playing. I've never heard of such a thing. Monstrous! No gentleman—"

"Is that so, Mr. Lugard?" inquired the Commissary.

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"It's all very well for you to say 'yes' in that lordly style," growled Macartney, "but why the devil did you prevent Wray playing?"

Lugard straightened himself up, then came forward, seated himself within a yard of Macartney, and, crossing his arms over the back of the chair, said—

"Lieutenant Wray will, I am sure, pardon my saying so"—he turned and gave Wray a friendly nod—"but in my opinion he had a little—just a little—too much liquor aboard to play with *you*, Colonel Macartney. And therefore, as Lieutenant Wray is, in a manner, my host to-night, I thought that the exigencies of the situation called for my friendly interference on his behalf."

"By heavens, Sir," cried Macartney furiously, striking his clenched hand on the table, "you had better be careful of what you say! I'll have none of your saucy ambiguity. What do you mean to insinuate?"

"Nothing in particular beyond the fact that Lieutenant Wray has lost—how much, Mr. Wray?"

"Nine hundred," replied Wray sullenly, but as he spoke he drew his chair nearer to Lugard.

"Has lost nine hundred pounds, Colonel Macartney. And I think he played very badly, and you—exceedingly well."

There was a dead silence.

"You'll answer to me for this," said Macartney hoarsely, as both he and Feilding rose to their feet together.

"I don't think so, Colonel Macartney. I have no intention of fighting a duel with you, if that is what you mean. Neither will I give you another chance to throw a decanter at me, for I don't intend to play cards with you again, under any circumstances, and I would advise you"—he turned to the Commissary—"Mr. Rutland, as well as Mr. Wray, to play very carefully with two such clever gentlemen as Mr. Feilding and Colonel Macartney."

Rutland looked at the two men. He quite expected to see Macartney make a dash at Lugard, but the

American was on his guard; as for Feilding, he was too insignificant physically to be considered. For some seconds no one spoke, then the Commissary said coldly—

"I presume that you, Colonel Macartney, and you, Mr. Feilding, know what Mr. Lugard means."

"Do you mean that I've been rooked, Lugard?" cried Wray, with sudden fury.

Lugard jumped up from his chair, and eyed both Feilding and Macartney steadily. The Colonel was breathing heavily, and his clenched hands, and indeed his whole frame, were trembling with passion; the little magistrate who stood beside him looked the personification of fear and hatred combined as he glared at the American, waiting for him to speak. He had not to wait long.

"I mean that neither of these gentlemen plays an honest game," was the slow reply to Wray's query.

An oath burst from Macartney. "By heavens, Sir, I'll *make* you fight for this. If I can't make you fight, I'll send my nigger servant to thrash you in the street."

Lugard disdained to reply, and, turning his back on both Macartney and Feilding, went up to Rutland and offered him a cigar, just as the Commissary gave them a cold "Good evening." In another minute the front door was opened for them, and their footsteps were heard as they descended to the street. Then both Rutland and Wray, by a common impulse, grasped Lugard's hand, and the latter thanked him fervently.

"And I, too, thank you," said the Commissary. "I always suspected Macartney of cheating, and, of course, after what has happened to-night I am at liberty to tell my friends that my suspicions are now practically confirmed."

"I am glad to be of service to you," said Lugard. Then he added, with a laugh, as he rang the bell for the landlord, "and I am especially glad that I won that four hundred and thirty pounds from that little green-eyed ruffian. I want two hundred pounds of it for an especial purpose—to repay money borrowed by a friend of mine from another man whom I have found to be a very good fellow."

Then, after a little further conversation, Lugard said good-night, and left the Commissary and Wray together.

CHAPTER XVII.

Under a blue sky, studded with myriad stars, Lugard walked leisurely home to his hotel, which was situated less than half a mile away from the "Currency Lass." He was, despite the anxiety he was feeling concerning the whereabouts of the *Palmyra*, in a bright mood, the primary cause of which he believed to be his luck at cards a few hours before, though in reality it was Helen herself. Since his first meeting with her at Waringa she had been constantly in his thoughts; try how he would not to think of her, she was ever before him, and her soft, sweet voice seemed to be still murmuring the words, "Ah, you have made me so very, very happy," as she had raised her dark, tear-filled eyes to his when they had stood together under the canopied gum-trees by the shining waters of Waringa Creek.

"Well, I'm glad I've won that money from that measly-faced little hound of a Feilding," he said to himself as he sauntered along the silent street; "I'm glad for her sake, as I know the dear little soul has wept many a bitter tear over that matter of her cousin Hewitt and the Commissary. However, I'll cash the order to-morrow and give her two hundred pounds to send to Rutland, or else send it myself to him before we skip out of this cursed convict hole. And Rutland himself is a good fellow." Then he laughed, for he could not disguise from himself the fact that it was not because Rutland was a good fellow, nor yet because he (Lugard) really had a strong liking for Vincent Hewitt, that made him wish to return the money to the Commissary, but because he was longing to see Helen's eyes lifted to his once more and hear the sweet melody of her voice as she would put her hand in his again.

Then he suddenly quickened his footsteps, and, turning off from Macquarie Street, walked half-way down the grassy hill overlooking Farm Cove, and, careless of the heavy dew, threw himself upon the ground and lit his pipe. It wanted another hour to daylight, but he was now in no mood to go to his hotel and turn in till breakfast-time. Already the mist which had lain upon the quiet waters of the harbour was beginning to thin and lift before a light air from the eastward, blowing through the Heads, and he was well content to idle away an hour or two and wait the rising of the sun and the glorious panorama it would reveal.

"What a great blockhead I am to keep thinking of her!" he said, falling into his old habit of talking to himself. "Hewitt has first claim on her, and I suppose she must be in love with him, else why did she defend him so fiercely against that pompous parson? But then, no one knows. . . . I wish I knew. . . . Hewitt's a fine fellow, and they've known each other since childhood. . . . There's no mistake about *him*, anyway. Yet, perhaps, after all, it's only a cousinly feeling on her part; and if so, I'm not going to throw away my chance, whatever it may be—good or bad. I'll soon find out how the land lies once we are safe on board the *Palmyra*. . . . and all is fair in love and war, especially when you're in love with one of the sweetest little women in the world like Helen Adair. . . . But no dirty tricks, Jim Lugard, do you hear?—no trying to creep to windward and take

the wind out of the other fellow's sails, especially if she cares for him at all. Play a fair game and no piracy, my boy."

Slowly the mist cleared and revealed the harbour, from the steep cliffs of rugged Middle Head, whose base was foam-washed by the long sweeping roll of the Pacific as it swept in through the Heads, to the white beaches of Sirius Cove and Neutral Bay, nestling at the feet of the fair, forest-clad, and sloping hills, and further westward, to the grassy summit of Goat Island and the broad curve of the swiftly-flowing Parramatta.

Presently Lugard sat up and looked at the shipping lying in Farm Cove and about Pinchgut and Neutral Bay. Nearest to him was the *Marlborough*, frigate, her lofty spars towering high over those of a squat little brigantine lying close alongside; further away and just off the point now named "Lady Macquarie's Chair" was a fat, motherly-looking old barque, painted yellow, with bulging quarter galleries and full, bluff bows—the true Dutch East Indiaman. She was the *Leeuwarden*—the ship in which Lugard had come to Sydney; and as he looked at her he was reminded of a promise he had made to Captain Jan Schouten to pay him a visit on board one day.

"Why not to-day?" he thought.

The genial old Dutch skipper was, he knew, a very early riser when in port, and was accustomed to take his cup of black Java coffee, mixed with a strong dose of Schiedam, as soon as he came on deck.

And, as if in response to his thoughts, the stout figure of Captain Schouten at that moment appeared on the poop-deck of the barque, and Lugard jumped to his feet and gave a loud hail. But he was evidently too far off to be heard, for neither the captain nor any of the few hands on deck took any notice—the former continued to pace to and fro on the poop, and the latter to go about their duties on the main deck.

Descending the hill till he came to the water's edge, Lugard again hailed, and this time was both heard and recognised by the Dutch captain, and in a few minutes a small scow which was lying alongside the barque put off, and he was sculled on board.

Schouten welcomed the American most heartily, and at once made him promise to remain for breakfast.

"Look you, mine friendt Lugardt," said he, as his negro steward brought them coffee and Schiedam, "I was zick to det of tis badt convict place. Dere is nodings to see but soldiers mit dere ret goats and poor hongry brisoners. Gif me Patavia. Allemachte! Patavia is a fine place—goot company, goot food and trink, and"—he winked his fat eye—"blendy of dose breddy little prown Javanese girls."

Lugard laughed. "You're right about Sydney, Captain. It is a dull place, as you say, and I shall be glad when I see the last of it. When do you sail, Captain?"

"I am ready to lift mine anchor dis morning, but I have me some pizness to do mit dot oldt Shew man, Lamont. He bromise me he vas come aboard dis morning and settle dings up."

"Oh! well, he'll turn up sure enough," said Lugard, who knew that the ship-chandler and Captain Jan Schouten were old acquaintances and had done many a profitable bit of business in defrauding the revenues of the colony; "and, talk of the devil, here he comes round the point."

It was, indeed, Mr. Morgan Lamont who was coming off to the good ship *Leeuwarden*, pulled by two of his own employes.

He scrambled up the side-ladder with remarkable agility for a man of his years, and a few seconds later stood on the poop and shook hands with Schouten and the American.

"I am surprised but very glad to see you here, Captain Lugard," he said politely. "I have a letter for you which I received last night, and I intended sending it to you by one of my men after breakfast. Here it is."

"Thank you," said Lugard, who at once walked to the other side of the poop, leaving the Dutchman and the Jew together.

The letter was from the emancipist Bolton (who had had it written by some person whom he could trust) at Port Macquarie, and had been forwarded to Sydney through the usual mysterious convict agencies. Lugard read—

"Number 17412" (Helen's father) "was not missed for nearly three hours. Two parties were at once sent out in search of him, and in the morning one of them came to my place. I told them that I felt pretty sure that he had made off inland up along the left bank of the Hastings River towards Rolland's Plains. This party consisted of a sergeant, three privates, a constable, and a black tracker named Kooyal. I gave Kooyal a pound of tobacco on the quiet, and told him what to do, and he led them a deuce of a chase into the bush for two days. The other party went along the beach towards Point Plomer and Smoky Cape, and of course returned without seeing a single track."

"Then came a ticklish time. At nine o'clock in the morning the *Palmyra* was sighted off Camden Haven by a party of timber-cutters working under an overseer named Duke, who, knowing of Mr. Adair's escape, at once rode into town and told the commandant that it was not unlikely that No. 17412 had managed to get on board the whaler. Of course, Duke was looking forward to getting a share of the fifty pounds reward, and urged the commandant to send the Government cutter out to search the brig. Murchison soon got his orders and put to sea, but had his trouble for nothing, for when he was abreast of Cattai Creek, he met the *Palmyra*, sailing leisurely along under cruising canvas back towards Port Macquarie. Carroll brought to, and then came aboard the cutter in one of his whale-boats, and asked Murchison if he thought that he (Carroll) could buy a bullock cheaply at the port, also how much

water was there in the bar, etc., etc., as he thought of taking the brig in and giving his crew a few days' liberty. Murchison answered his questions, and then bluntly told him that the cutter had been sent out to search his ship—a convict had escaped, and it was thought that he might have got on board the *Palmyra*. Carroll laughed, and asked Murchison to come aboard and make a thorough search and drink some good Bourbon whisky. But, quite satisfied that Mr. Adair was not on board the whaler, Murchison declined, and Carroll went back to the brig, which then kept company with the cutter till they were off the bar.

"Carroll then went ashore and bought and had killed a bullock, remained an hour in the town, and then went off, and soon after the brig stood out to sea again. No attempt was made to board and search the brig, while she was lying off and on outside the bar; for when Murchison made his report to the new commandant, who is Captain Lathom, he was told not to subject the American captain to any further annoyance, as the Governor was most anxious to encourage the visits of American ships to the colony.

"I cannot make out what brought the brig back here again, unless it was that she could make no headway south against light winds and a strong current; and perhaps when Captain Carroll sighted the cutter he thought best to put a bold face on it."

Lugard put the letter in his pocket, and then sat down and waited till Lamont and the Dutchman had concluded their business.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The shipchandler's business with the skipper of the *Leeuwarden* was concluded almost as soon as Lugard had finished reading Bolton's letter, and then Lamont, declining the captain's invitation to remain to breakfast, hurried on shore again, after a few brief words with the American concerning their own business.

"You may rely on me coming or sending to you the moment I hear any fresh news, Captain Lugard," he said as he went over the side into his boat.

"If the *Palmyra* makes the land anywhere between Sydney and Port Stephens we'll get the news in twenty-four hours. But I think with you that Captain Carroll will run past Sydney and make for Botany Bay or Port Hacking."

"I hope he does," said the American. "As you say, it will be so much easier for my friends and myself to get aboard at Botany or Port Hacking, where we are not so likely to be observed, than trying to get through the Heads at night-time in a boat."

When Lugard returned to the poop to rejoin the captain he found him giving orders to the mate to call the hands to lift anchor and loose sails.

"Why, are you off to sea this morning?" inquired the American.

"Nod at all, my friendt," said Schouten; "I am only going to shange my berth pefore I do go to sea, vich vill pe zoom time to-morrow, I expect. I am daking der ship over to de odder side of the harbour, vere ve can be nice and quiet;" here he winked mysteriously, slapped Lugard on the shoulder and asked him to come below.

"I shall make me some moneys oud of this trip," he said, with his fat, husky laugh, as he motioned Lugard to a seat at the cabin table; and then, as he knew he could confide in his former passenger, he told him that Lamont's visit to the *Leeuwarden* at that early hour concerned two passengers, a lady and gentleman, who for reasons of their own desired to come on board the barque

as privately as possible, and therefore he (Schouten), at Lamont's request, was moving the ship over to Sirius Cove, at which place the passengers could come on board unobserved. Most likely, he said, they would be on board that night; and then, lifting the hatch of the lazarette under the cabin table, he showed Lugard a cunningly contrived hiding-place.

Lugard shook his head, and remarked that two persons could not long remain in such a close, unventilated place.

The Dutchman laughed, and said he was well aware of that, but that they would only be there for half an hour or so, while the ship was being searched in the usual manner for absconding convicts. And, he added, Lamont would take care that the search was a very

newly done up, but was furnished in a most elegant style.

"Who are they, Schouten?" he inquired, with a certain amount of interest.

"Der gentleman is Mynheer Thompson—dot is all I know," replied the Dutchman, with another wink of his fat eye; "but I should think dot der old Shew man knows more than I vas know."

"I guess he does," said Lugard, with a laugh, "Well, I wish you and your passengers, whoever they are, a pleasant and speedy voyage to Valparaiso. No, please don't ask me to stay to breakfast. I'll go ashore now, before you get under weigh. Like yourself and Lamont, I have some particular business to which I must attend. So good-

bye, Schouten, and good luck to you and to the *Leeuwarden*."

He shook the hand of the good-natured old Dutch skipper warmly, and in a few minutes was on shore again and on his way to his hotel.

"Any letters for me?" he asked of the waiter as he sat down to his breakfast.

"No, Sir; none this morning. Was you expecting any, Sir, anywhere from the northward—Port Hunter" (Newcastle) "way, Sir?"

Lugard, ever on the alert, looked up with raised eyebrows. "No," he said carelessly as he broke an egg, "not from Newcastle more than from any other place. I have no acquaintances up that way that I know of who would be likely to write to me."

"That's fortunate, Sir, because if you had, and they wrote to you, you wouldn't get any letters for a long time—there's fearful floods in the Hunter River district, and quite a lot of people have been swept away and drowned. I hear that it is likely there may be no communication between Sydney and the settlements to the north of the Hunter for another fortnight, as the rivers are still rising all through the district."

Lugard nodded and went on with his breakfast. The news had no interest for him, especially at that moment, when his mind was bent upon the one thing—the whereabouts of the *Palmyra*. Yet, although he could not dream of such a contingency as the rising of a river interfering with the course of events in which he was so deeply concerned, it had in reality much to do with his future.

For at that very moment, as he sat calmly eating his breakfast with the bright morning sun flooding the room, honest George Haldane, a hundred miles away, was striding to and fro under the sodden foliage of the

gum-trees lining the bank of a tributary of the Hunter, and cursing his own luck in particular and the ways of the universe in general.

"Four days—a week perhaps—before we can swim this cursed creek, you say, Hawley," he said to his ex-soldier servant; "hang it, man, what makes you such a dismal prophet of evil? Man alive, we—or at least I—*must* get across this creek to-day or to-morrow."

"I'm quite willing to try, Sir; but Boora here"—and he pointed to a black-fellow who was squatted on the sodden ground near them smoking his pipe in stolid content—"says that we'll be drowned if we do try. And Boora is reckoned to be pretty reliable, Sir."

Haldane swore, then sighed to himself. Much as he disliked Ida Lathom, he would willingly have risked his life over and over again to save her from the open disgrace and shame which he was sure would result all too soon unless he could get to Sydney and rescue her from her fatal infatuation for Wray.

(To be continued.)



The stut figure of Captain Schouten at that moment appeared on the poop-deck.

perfunctory one—a few guineas given to the head constable (himself an ex-convict and a customer of the Jew) would be all that was required.

"Und den, you see, mine friendt Lugardt," said the skipper as he closed the hatch, "vonce ve are outside der Heads, dese two durdle doves can be as happy as de day is long, for I am to marry dem as soon as dey coom on board, und I haf already bought me an English Bible, and ven der marriage is finished de turtle-doves und me und my chief mate do have a grade supper in der main cabin. Ah! my good friendt Lugardt, I vish me you was coom too."

Lugard laughed. "I should be delighted, but they would not like a stranger to be present."

"Dot is so; dot is so," assented Schouten. "Ach! I know me I shall have bad head in der morning. Now coom you und look here."

He threw open the door of a state-room. Lugard looked in and saw that the cabin had not only been

THE RISING IN THE BALKANS: DISAFFECTED MONASTIR AND USKUB.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUREAU.



THE INTIMIDATION OF CHRISTIANS: THEIR CLOSED SHOPS IN THE DESERTED MARKET PLACE, MONASTIR.

AFTER A MASSACRE: WOMEN OF USKUB ATTENDING THE GRAVES OF RELATIVES KILLED BY THE TURKISH TROOPS.

PEACE IN WAR: A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN MONASTIR.

A BUSY SCENE: THE JEWISH QUARTER, MONASTIR.

A STRANGE SEQUEL TO MASSACRE: WOMEN FEEDING PRIESTS AND BASHI-BAZOUKS IN THE CEMETERY NEAR USKUB.

THE PROTECTION OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF FOREIGN POWERS: A CONSULAR GUARD AT MONASTIR.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE'S INANIMATE SCULPTOR: CARVING FROM LIFE BY MACHINERY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. HUGH FISHER



1. CARVING TWO FACSIMILE MARBLE BUSTS OF HOMER SIMULTANEOUSLY.

2. AN EXPERIMENT IN CARVING DIRECT FROM LIFE.
3. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME.

4. HALF-AN-HOUR'S WORK ON THE HEAD OF AUGUSTUS.

In our drawing a bust of Homer has been rigidly fixed in position, and beyond it two blocks of marble. The operator places himself on a fixed seat, and with great care guides a wooden pointer over the surface of the bust. This controls the action of two steel drills facing the blocks of marble, which move in exact correspondence with the wooden pointer, and which, being made to revolve by the straps of a powerful gas-engine in an adjoining shed, carve the marble blocks into facsimiles of the bust. It was suggested that it would be possible to carve from the life if a sitter were fixed with his head in a rigid position. The idea had not previously occurred to the owners of the invention, but they at once placed the machine and workmen at our Artist's disposal. A wooden frame was made to fix the head, and on August 14 a marble bust was for the first time carved from life by machinery. The invention has been purchased by Sir A. Conan Doyle and Mr. W. G. Jones.



1. THE KREUZBRUNNEN. 2. THE NEW BATH-HOUSE. 3. THE FERDINANDSBRUNNEN. 4. THE NEW MUD BATH.

THE KING'S "CURE": SPRINGS AND BATH-HOUSES AT MARIENBAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 1 BY RUBRITUS; NOS. 2, 3, AND 4 BY STENGEL, DRESDEN.

The King, travelling as the Duke of Lancaster, reached Marienbad on August 13. His Majesty is taking the "cure" in the regulation manner. At half-past six in the morning of the day after his arrival, he drank his first glass of the waters from the Kreuzbrunnen in his own apartments, half-an-hour later walking to the spring and taking a second draught.



1. KINGSTON, JAMAICA. 2. A PICTURESQUE PART OF PORT ANTONIO. 3. A GENERAL VIEW OF PORT ANTONIO. 4. A STREET IN PORT ANTONIO.

THE CYCLONE IN THE WEST INDIES: KINGSTON AND PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA, NOW DEVASTATED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRADELLE AND YOUNG.

The cyclone which struck Jamaica on August 13 did considerable damage in Kingston, Port Antonio, and elsewhere. At Port Antonio only six houses were left standing, and the wharves of the United Fruit Company were demolished. The banana cultivations also suffered greatly.

AN INTERESTING SURVIVAL: COACH-BORNE MAILS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



THE NIGHT PARCELS DELIVERY BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

A part of his Majesty's mails is still carried by road, and, as in the days when highwaymen were both powerful and plentiful, due care is taken to protect them from attack. The guard, armed with a revolver, keeps watch in the interior of the coach. It has been found cheaper to carry parcels at night by coach instead of by special train, particularly as at each stopping-place the district mail-carts can transfer their loads. The coach from Brighton and the coach to Brighton meet at Horley, and there the drivers exchange vehicles. The London coach leaves London Bridge Post Office at 9.45, and arrives at Brighton at about five the next morning.



SALMON-FISHING IN GALWAY: THE CHIEF ANGLING POOLS.



SALMON-FISHING IN GALWAY: THE ANCIENT CRIBS AND THE WEIR HOUSE ON GALVIE ISLAND.



Photo. Hughes and Mullins.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT'S MONUMENT TO QUEEN VICTORIA: PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL AT NEWPORT, AUGUST 13.



Photo. S. B. Bolas.

THE ENLARGEMENT OF CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL: THE NEW TOWER.



Photo. Mrs. Broughton.

WATER-WEED CUTTING BY MACHINERY: AT WORK ON THE GREAT OUSE.



Photo. Chas. Knight.

THE FIRST USE OF 4.7 GUNS IN MILITARY MANŒUVRES: A BATTERY OF GENERAL FRENCH'S ARMY CORPS IN ACTION.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DINIHAM, TORQUAY.

THE ALIEN INVASION AND THE BRITISH EXODUS.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.



IMMIGRANTS.

THE ALIEN INVASION AND THE BRITISH EXODUS.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.



EMIGRANTS.

A MODERN "NORMAN INVASION": THE "SOUVENIR NORMAND" IN HASTINGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTHONY BELT.



PEVENSEY CASTLE.



BATTLE ABBEY.



THE ROMAN GATEWAY, PEVENSEY.



HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE.



BODIAM CASTLE.



HASTINGS CASTLE.

SCENES OF THE FRENCH SOCIETY'S VISITS.

The French society known as "Le Souvenir Normand" began its annual meeting at Hastings on August 18. It will continue until the 26th, and the programme includes visits to Battle Abbey, Normanhurst Court, Ashburnham Park, Hastings Castle, Hurstmonceux, Pevensey, and Bodiam. The society has as its object the revival of the memory of past Norman greatness, and the creation of a federation whose aim it shall be to establish peace and ideal justice.

THE CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NORMAN WILKINSON.



REVENUE CUTTERS KEEPING THE LINE.

A USUAL FEATURE OF AMERICA CUP RACES: EXCURSION-STEAMERS FOLLOWING THE YACHTS.

It will be remembered that the large excursion-steamers were one of the features of the last contest. The rush of the crowd of eager passengers to one particular side of the vessel was frequently the cause of a dangerous list.

RECENT FICTION AND A PLAY.

The Turquoise Cup and The Desert. By Arthur Cosslett Smith. (London: John Lane. 5s.)

Nobody's Widow. By Gertrud Warden. (London: Digby Long. 3s. 6d.)

Barbara Ladd. By Charles G. D. Roberts. (London: Constable. 6s.)

The House on the Sands. By Charles Marriott. (London: John Lane.)

Mors et Victoria. (London: Longmans. 5s. net.)

People of the Whirlpool: From the Experience-Book of a Commuter's Wife. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)

The Baptist Ring. By Weatherby Chesney. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

A Drama of Sunshine: Played in Homburg. By Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. (London: Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

Mr. Arthur Cosslett Smith has read the romances of Mr. Henry Harland to some purpose. The two short stories in the slender volume published by Mr. Lane are tributes of sincere homage to Mr. Harland's influence. His Eminence of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" is clearly the Cardinal of "The Turquoise Cup," who, finding that an English peer is bent upon stealing the cup from the Venetian treasury of valuable relics, substitutes a duplicate to mitigate the felony. The English peer is made to commit this offence by a beautiful Irish girl with a fortune, who says she will not marry him without the cup. The desperate absurdity of the idea is plain; but the story is told so agreeably that it seems ungracious to cavil. "The Desert" is a tale of an Arab maiden who, for excellent diplomatic reasons, is converted to Christianity by a young camel-driver. When he tells her that he has changed his religion she remarks cheerfully, "Good; then I change mine. I am tired of a religion that makes me plait my hair for eight hours of the day, and sends no man to see it." This accommodating damsel is admirably suited to the graces of the author's prose.

There are many trivial books which are redeemed from inanity by gleams of honest purpose, faint essays after truth; but we regret to say that "Nobody's Widow" is not one of these. It is not long-winded, and the author holds her story all through well in hand; and there its good qualities end. If one could believe that its silliness would work no active mischief, it might be left to the fate it deserves without notice; but, unfortunately, anyone who reads a foolish book is wasting time that might be expended upon a good one; and there is a meretricious attraction about this novel which will probably find it a ready welcome among schoolgirls and young women. It has a lively savour, which has, no doubt, brought it to its present dignity of print. A child of eleven, who falls in love with a handsome youth, and maintains a romantic devotion to him which leads her, through some ugly dissimulation, to matrimony and wealth at twenty-three, is not a wholesome character, even if she were not treated, as by Miss Warden, with an airy vulgarity.

If the frequently bewailed American invasion of our bookshops always brought to our notice such excellent work as that by Mr. Roberts there would be few indeed to cavil at it. "Barbara Ladd," though it deals with a higher social grade, belongs to the same delicate and delightful school as "A Humble Romance," and is an admirable example of it. The scene is laid in New England, just before and during the momentous struggle that culminated in the foundation of the United States; but politics are made subservient to the chief love theme, and are only introduced to lend it the necessary complications. Mr. Roberts has the art of creating that elusive something known to the critic, for want of a better term, as atmosphere: the reader breathes the same air, lives the same life, has the same fears and hopes and thoughts as the characters who play their all-too-brief parts before him. Nor could he be in more charming company—Barbara Ladd, intolerant of control, wayward as the wind, imperious as a queen, splendidly feminine, is as sweet as her own "Water of Maryland Memories"; Mistress Mehitable, whose high sense of dignity and duty are for a time the cause of frequent misunderstanding between her wilful ward and herself; Robert Gault, the hot-headed, quixotic, loyalist young lover; old Debby Blue; Uncle Bob Glenowen; and the giant-limbed, soft-hearted gentlemen, Dr. John and Dr. Jim Pigeon, political and professional enemies, but brothers in aught else, are all delightful, and drawn with the same fidelity and delicacy of touch. The story, indeed, is a triumph of characterisation, and if it were plotless, which it most certainly is not, would still be sure of favour. As romance of the best type, all the better that it is not dependent upon the flutter of brocade and the flash of swords, "Barbara Ladd" is very welcome, and should cause many to await impatiently the production of its author's next book.

Mr. Charles Marriott is a young novelist who has made a considerable stir. His first novel, "The Column," excited a fierce discussion, in itself a tribute to merit. His second novel, "Love with Honour," pleased the censors, but not the admirers, of its predecessor. The fate of the third is still undetermined, and, as it bears no resemblance in matter or manner to the other two, it may please everybody or nobody. We cannot think that Mr. Marriott is fortunate in his choice of a theme. Political life, as a rule, makes poor fiction. Trollope failed with it. Disraeli succeeded because he was a satirist who knew his types and breathed their atmosphere. But when Mr. Marriott describes a debate in the House of Commons he is manifestly out of his element, and when he draws the character of a statesman with an ideal he produces a painfully colourless prig. We cannot imagine any reader taking the smallest interest in the affairs of Godfrey Julian. That would not matter so much if the rest of the characters were alive, if the women made any appeal to our sensibilities. Mr. Marriott has shown some insight into women in his earlier books, but in this one it fails him. Audrey Thurston, who has tried to make life a platonic idyll

in the company of a philosopher, is no more real than the gentleman who becomes President of the Board of Trade. There is an attempt to persuade us that a poet may be an excellent editor; but we are not persuaded. In fine, the characters are disappointing. Mr. Marriott has written this novel without any help from life—a collaborator not to be discarded with prudence.

"Mors et Victoria" is not about motor-cars, as its name might suggest, but about Huguenots. It is evidently not meant for the stage, and there seems to be no particular reason for the author's selection of the dramatic form. The love-story of two Huguenots who die at the hands of the Duke of Guise's soldiers might have been told equally well in a novel or a narrative poem. Still, the dramatist can write correct (as well as incorrect) and graceful blank verse, and in the somewhat fantastic description of "the picture" at the beginning of each scene shows imagination. Another kind of imagination is displayed in the attribution to sixteenth-century French gentlemen of sentiments regarding England which no Frenchman could ever have felt, but which a patriotic Englishwoman, writing three centuries afterwards, considers that a prescient foreigner ought to have felt. But we fear that Elizabethan England did not impress contemporaries quite so favourably. The heroine of the play is lady-in-waiting to Marguerite de Valois, and the glimpse of the French Court given is plausible. The lines seldom rise above the careful expression of commonplace thought. Still, the story is coherent, the verse never either weak or violent, and the sentiment admirable.

Books of the class represented by "Elizabeth in her German Garden," are growing very numerous. Many ladies who will not venture to write novels (or should we say a large proportion of the few who will not venture?) have discovered that a garden, a circle of odd or pleasant acquaintance, real or imaginary, a child or so, and some pet animals, can be welded together into a book. But success comes only when the writer of such a book has thought about life and possesses something of a style. Both qualifications can certainly be claimed by "a Commuter's Wife," and the issue of a sequel to her first book is quite justified. Her "Whirlpool" is New York society. Seated in a country retreat, she watches and chronicles the unrest of the rich New Yorkers who invade and spoil the quiet districts of New England during the summer. She is rather ruthless, but quite convincing. The American outlook is amusingly different from ours in some matters: men who in England would be scorching motorists seem, across the ocean, to be enthusiastic golfers. The women find divorce so easy that it is hardly worth while even to simulate the breaking of their marriage vows beforehand. It is an odd society, and refined gentlemen are as much alive to its defects in the United States as they could be in an old-fashioned English county. There is a slight undercurrent of story in the present book, but its real attraction is that to read it gives exactly the same feeling as a long conversation with a woman of the world who has much to say on many sides of life, and knows how to say it.

"The Baptist Ring" is not the story of a corner in passive resistance, nor does Mr. Weatherby Chesney once refer to the religious body suggested by the title; but the title nevertheless has a real significance which the reader must discover for himself. The writer certainly manages to convey some impression of freshness in writing of a hackneyed theme, and the interest deepens as the story is unfolded. The plot is as old as the hills. Two brothers who love the same girl; the elder disinherited in favour of the rascally younger son; the gamekeeper's daughter who complicates matters. Yet some of the developments are surprisingly fresh and readable, and the elderly couple, distinctly repellent on the whole, have a delicate and transforming love affair. The disinherited hero, after the manner of his kind, throws himself into journalism and, as a matter of course, prospers, while the villain is for the time being left to pursue his machinations in peace; but already the net is about his feet, soon to be drawn tight. The closing scenes are really dramatic and well wrought out. Why a writer of so much resource should have inflicted the chapter headed "Golden Bells" upon his readers we fail to understand. Nowadays that sort of thing is left to the penny novelette.

"A Drama in Sunshine" is not at all up to the level of its predecessors in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "First Novel Library." The scene is laid in Homburg, but after the first few pages the writer makes no attempt to give any of the local colour which so often adds a touch of originality and value to even a poor story of which the scene is placed on the Continent. Greatly daring, Mrs. Aubrey Richardson makes one of the chief characters in her novel a nun, or rather a novice; but one does not need to be a Roman Catholic, or even High Church, to realise that the picture of "the Lady Lilian" is not drawn in any sense from life. During the term of her novitiate a girl is quite free to re-enter the outside world, and if she does so it is hardly necessary to state that she is no longer regarded as a probationer for a religious life. She would neither wear a distinctive dress nor would she be in any sense bound to return. Finally, should the fancy take her, she would be as free to fall in love and marry as she was before she entered the noviceship. These facts, which any Roman Catholic layman could have told the author of "A Drama in Sunshine," make the whole book unreal, and in portions actually absurd. Now and again, the nun, for so she is always called, is described as Anglo-Catholic, and the reader is given to understand that "the Lady Lilian" is a member of an Anglican sisterhood, whose superioress also spends the season at Homburg in order that the Convent of the Holy Rosary may acquire some new wealthy and highly born adherents! The page in which is described the Mother Superior administering the "discipline" to Lady Lilian is unpleasant as well as grotesque.

AN UNACADEMIC INTERLUDE.

The peace that broods over a University in the vacation brings, as Charles Lamb revealed, its inspiration. Elia walked through Oxford quadrangles in the season of oppressive calm that fills the autumnal spaces of the year, and imagined himself the heir of all the academic traditions. In his day Extension was not, and the Extensionists (on what a rack, ye gods!) broke not the great silences of Alma Mater's resting-time. That weird crew of faded virgins and unkempt males—Oxford men and women of a week, a day, who oppress with a sense of failure—would have fared kindly, methinks, at Elia's hands. To their earnest struggle after culture he would have given a smile of sympathy, for he was somewhat of an Extensionist himself. By the very confessions already quoted, he declares himself the occasional Oxford man, who enters in to possess, when the heirs are far away. And his is no possession of the interloper; envy and covetousness are far from him; what he holds he holds by pure and lofty fancy, he is *civis universitatis* by the divinest right. His appreciation of his privileges far transcends that of those who have been duly "entered in," who have stood in a solemn row before the Vice-Chancellor in the old Divinity School to take (with the Statutes in hand) the academic oath, and to bow at the prompting of a consequential fogleman, who, for all his eminence in college servitorship, yet subtly suggests the primal scout. From such humiliations the happy Extensionist is freed. He is, indeed, the emancipated of the University, the freeman of a day, it is true, yet with opportunities to store up memories for a lifetime.

In Elia's day the quiet of the vacation was broken by one strange saturnalia, but with this his visit does not seem to have coincided. The St. Giles's fair, now happily put down by the strong hand of the public moralist, would scarce have moved the essayist to the gentle musings inspired by his discovery of his friend, George Dyer, "busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press, in a nook in Oriel." For the town orgy has but a fleeting attraction for the gown, and the gown of fancy Lamb assuredly wore during that vacation visit. Even the staunchest upholder of traditions, right or wrong, can weep but few tears over the passing of such an institution as the fair from the hallowed precincts of the University, and ribald would he be and cynical who should say he preferred it to the Extension movement. If such cynic be found, he might very well put his opinions to the touchstone, as he may still do, not at Oxford assuredly, but in another University town beyond the Border, where there is not, but ought to be, a chair of Golf. That haunted town beside the Northern Sea has, during three August days, put off her sober garb for one of the wildest festivity. It is the long vacation, and the spell that holds Oxford at these times reigns here as potent to compel to dreams. In the quadrangles you catch no gleam of scarlet gown, and the only footfalls are those of the casual visitor under the guidance of the sacrist, or the belated professor who has not yet sought his annual holiday retreat. In the library at St. Mary's likelier than not you may meet A. L. (as Lamb met "G. D." in Oriel, formerly a St. Mary's also, by-the-bye) immersed in Scottish archives. All this is of the academic most academic. Here we have no hint of Extension; but of the fair, many. For the town is the centre of a wide agricultural region, and at this season Battus and Corydon resort citywards to hire themselves for the winter to the farmers who come to meet them, of ancient use, in the market-place. Wherefore, under the very walls of the fairest of the colleges, which jealously closes her gates on the vagabond throng, the Bohemian entertainers of the rustic pitch their tents. Beneath the windows of godly Samuel Rutherford's dwelling the fattest woman on earth lately held court, and the crack of the amateur marksman's rifle made day and night hideous. An astrologer in a battered cap and weather-stained crimson gown seemed but a degree less incongruous, and his style of "Professor," flaunted on a sign that smacked of commerce, failed to draw to him in brotherhood such members of the Senatus Academicus as still linger near the scene of their labours. Even bucolic seekers after the occult left him almost unheeded, and his horoscopes, neatly docketed in a case like that of the compositor, remained in disappointing numbers when the day was over. More prosperous was the less ostentatiously scientific "Hobgoblinscope" (*sic*), where a mildly ghostly drama popularised psychical research. On the Æschylean model, the play had but three characters on the stage at one time—a faded pantaloone, a gentleman in seedy evening-dress, and a shrouded but very substantial corpse. It may not have been great art, but for twopence the show was adequate, and the concluding cinematograph pictures of a breadth conformable to the grins of the landward spectators.

But chief among the pleasures of the mad two days towered the colossal steam-roundabouts erected at the Cross, the ashes of their engine-fires blackening anew the place where so many goodly confessors of the Reformed Faith had yielded up their souls at the stake. For twelve solid hours there was no pause in the bray of the steam orchestrions, and the populace, town and country, revolved giddily on the backs of hobby-horses and prize bantams. Even the professional classes and the fashionable golfing fraternity yielded after dinner to the spell, and essayed the career open to merit and small change. It was (like anger in the Latin exercise) a short madness, but of surpassing glory while it lasted. Towards midnight the din grew desperate, but the city fathers had set a limit to the ecstasy. The engines slowed; the orchestration, leaving jiggling tunes, calmed the holiday passions of the crowd with strains from "Samson and Delilah" and some ecclesiastical motet which might have pealed fitly enough from the college chapel. Gradually the crowd thinned, and ere the wee short hour the last strayed reveller had found his lodging, and the moon rode solitary over the solemn tower of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, now free to enjoy for another year its ancient academic dignity.

THE REVIVAL OF THE CRAZE FOR LIVING JEWELLERY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LASCPLES.



STRANGE ORNAMENTS FOR THE WRIST: CHAMELEONS.

The craze for living jewellery has been revived in smart society, and a chameleon attached to a bracelet by a thin gold chain is among the most popular ornaments of the moment. On the same principle, small tortoises, occasionally studded with jewels, are worn as charms.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF SUMMER.

The thought occurred to me recently that, from a scientific point of view, the enjoyable summer season might be easily demonstrated to exhibit a *per contra* side as regards certain highly important interests of ours. With all the items for holidaying at hand—weather eccentricities excluded—we nevertheless may find that the agreeable prospect is modified somewhat by considerations intimately connected with our physical welfare. To begin with, summer is the paramount season for increased microbe development, and such increase implies the existence of additional dangers to health. Germs, as a rule, if they are not “children of the light” in that they mostly prefer darkness, are also chiefly the offspring of heat. We receive a very plain proof of this fact from the presence of much decomposition and putrefaction in the warm season of the year. Our foods go rapidly to decay, and fish, flesh, and fowl are singularly unstable investments both in the hands of the cook and in those of the butcher and fishmonger. We have to reckon also on this account with cases of food-poisoning which take their origin from the development in our meats of virulent principles due to microbic growth.

With regard to the public health, the sanitarian comes to associate summer with an increased mortality from certain ailments of well-defined character. The little children, in particular, are liable to suffer very severely, and more especially those under one year old. Their line of life is apt to mount up from the level of health into a veritable hill of death in the hot weather. It is then that the infants of the big centres of population, hand-fed, and dwelling in crowded places, are liable to perish by the score from infantile cholera. This is an ailment produced by milk which has been contaminated by microbes which the summer heat fosters, for it is an ailment which ceases when the heat of summer begins to wane. If the mothers of the masses would only learn—and what is more to the point, practice—the lesson which teaches them that all milk should be sterilised or boiled in the hot weather, we should hear less about summer as a bad time for the innocents. It is astonishing how long a simple lesson of this kind takes to filter into the minds of the masses, although, indeed, my own experience is that people of a higher order of culture also appreciate very slowly teachings of hygiene, which, if observed, tend to put length of days into the right hand of us all.

There is another aspect of the warm season of the year whereof science of late days has been given to warn us. This last may be termed the great fly question. Year in and year out the medical journals warn us of the dangers which the presence of flies is well calculated to produce. A week ago I observed that in the course of a discussion at a medical congress, one authority expressed his belief in the theory that a vast deal of the infection from typhoid fever in the South African campaign was to be attributed to the conveyance of the microbes by flies. Those who know the particular or chief source of infection in this fever, will readily understand the feasible nature of this view. It is not denied that the common fly, in virtue of its cosmopolitan habits as regards its feeding and also as regards its contact with all and sundry substances, may act readily as a transmitter of disease. Actual experiment has shown this notion to be founded on reasonable and definite grounds. Flies allowed first to gain access to diseased material, were afterwards placed beneath a bell-jar, under which were contained sterilised solutions and substances such as could produce crops of the microbes the flies had acquired. If no such growths were produced the flies might be held blameless in the matter of disease-conveyance. If, on the other hand, microbic growths occurred, it was clear such developments could only arise from infection of the sterile materials by the insects. The presence of numerous crops of germs verified the view that flies were capable of carrying infection. They inoculated the growing materials with the germs attached to their legs and bodies.

That tainting of food and consequent illness can be thus brought about by the agency of flies can no longer be doubted. From being regarded as a nuisance, the fly has come to be considered a danger, hence the cry of the sanitarian should be heard in the land to the effect that “Death to the flies” is a motto the householder should adopt and carry out into practical effect. It may not be an easy matter to exterminate the fly or even to keep down to a minimum limit its annual development; still, great good must follow attempts to deal with the insect as a public nuisance. I observe a medical journal advising the use of a gauze-blind for windows by way of keeping flies outside, and remarks that flies will not pass through netting, even if the meshes of the net be an inch wide. The suggestion is worth noting, but I am afraid it will prove impracticable in most cases. The real problem is how to exterminate the fly as a summer visitor to our abodes. Fly-papers, sticky threads, and the like are serviceable, but they are not too efficient. Perhaps the domestic hygiene of the future may evolve some simple plan of aerial disinfectant which will render life intolerable to the flies. A fumigator of simple type might be used for a short time in an apartment and be made to discharge some vapour or other into the air; but confessedly such aëration exerts a temporary effect only, and its frequent application would be a domestic trial. There is honour awaiting the man who can deliver us from the plague of flies.

If these reflections on the difficulties of life which we experience in the warm weather be regarded of a rather pessimistic turn, it is cheering to note that we are by no means left without consolation from other points of view. We get more sunshine in summer, and light itself is our great natural disinfectant, killing many microbes, and exerting also a certain definite and healthy effect upon the human frame at large.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

A M. SPARKE.—Your problem is quite sound. It shall appear as soon as possible.

G. BAKKER (Rotterdam).—Additional problem to hand.

P. DALY (Brighton).—To hand, with thanks.

J. W. P.—There is no rule against a check in the first move of a solution, but composers rarely adopt that device.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3089 received from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3090 from Emile Frau, Gertrude M. Field (Athol, Mass.), and C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3091 from William Miller (Cork), F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), and Emile Frau; of No. 3092 from W. M. Eglinton (Birmingham), J. W. Campsie, Joseph Cook, Shadforth, Emile Frau (Lyons), F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), and Albert Wolff (Putney).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3093 received from A. Belcher (Wycombe), Martin F. M. Hobhouse, G. Bakker (Rotterdam), Shadforth, F. Henderson (Leeds), O. Pearce (Wotton-under-Edge), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Reginald Gordon, F. W. Shaw (Bradford), Captain Spencer, R. Worters (Canterbury), F. J. S. (Hampstead), and Rev. Robert Bee (Cowpen).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3092.—BY MAX FEIGL.

WHITE.

1. Q to R sq
2. Kt to B 6th (dis. ch)
3. Kt mates.

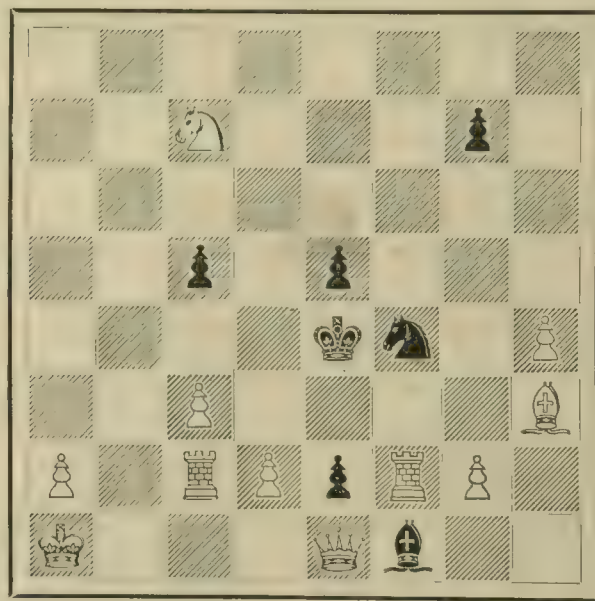
BLACK.

- Kt to B 4th
- K moves

If Black play 1. Kt to Q 3rd. 2. B to K 6th (ch); if 1. Any other, then 2. Kt to Kt 2nd; 3. Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 3095.—BY FIDELITAS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

A Prize-Winner, by A. KIR.

White: K at Q R 5th, Rs at K R sq and Q 7th, Kts at Q Kt sq and K B 4th, B at K Kt sq, P at K 2nd.

Black: K at K 8th, Q at K R 2nd, Ps at Q Kt 4th and 5th.

White mates in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. FINN and HALPERN.

(Rice Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. P to B 4th	R to K 2nd
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	22. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	23. B to Q 3rd	Q to R 4th
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th	24. Q to Kt 4th	
5. Kt to K 5th	Kt to K B 3rd	Up to this point White has played move for move the same as in a game in which he was successful. Here the course is turned into another channel; but the attack is stronger in appearance than reality, and ends by placing the White Queen clean out of action.	
6. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	24. K R to K sq	P to Kt 3rd
7. P takes P	B to Q 3rd	25. P to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
8. Castles	B takes Kt	26. Q to R 4th	P to R 4th
9. R to K sq	Q to K 2nd	27. Q to B 6th	K to Kt 2nd
10. P to B 3rd	P to B 6th	28. B takes B P	
11. P to Q 4th	Kt to K 5th	Very injudicious. The Black Queen now gets into play with fatal effect. We see no great objection to P to Q 6th.	
12. R takes Kt	B to R 7th (ch)	28. R to K 2nd	Q to R 3rd
13. K takes B	Q takes R	29. P to Q 6th	Q to R 7th (ch)
14. P to K Kt 3rd	Castles	30. B to B sq	Q to R 8th
15. B to B 4th	R to K sq	31. K to R sq	R to K 8th
16. Kt to Q 2nd	Q to Kt 3rd	32. R takes R	Q takes R
17. Kt to B sq		White resigns.	

So far the play on each side follows what may be considered the normal opening. Here some difference of opinion exists as to what is the best continuation.

17. Kt to K 3rd
18. Kt to K 3rd
19. Q to Q 2nd
20. B to B sq

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played in Inter-State telegraphic match between Mr. TAYLOR (New South Wales) and the Rev. R. BETTS (Victoria).

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Rev. B.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Rev. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. P to K 6th	Kt to K B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. P takes Q P (ch)	B takes P
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	20. K R to K sq (ch)	B to K 3rd
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P	21. P to B 5th	
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th	This gains a piece and the game, but a shorter way to victory was pointed out by 21. B to Kt 6th, Q to B sq; 22. Q to B 5th, and the end must come immediately.	
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	21. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd (ch)
7. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd	22. Q takes K Kt P	Q takes P
An inferior defence. Q to B 3rd is compelled later on, and may just as well be played at once.		23. K to R sq	Q takes B
8. Castles	B to Kt 3rd	24. P takes B	Q to B 7th
9. P takes P	Kt takes P	25. P takes P	Kt to Kt 5th
10. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt	26. B takes Kt	
11. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	White has quite a choice of winning strokes. Q takes R is sufficient.	
12. B to R 3rd	P to B 3rd	26. P takes B	P takes B
13. P to K 5th	Q to Kt 3rd	27. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	K to Kt sq
14. Q R to Q sq	B takes Kt	28. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	Q takes Q
15. Q takes B		29. P takes Q	K to B 2nd
The contrast of the positions is worth noting. On one side every piece is in action, against which the other can only oppose a solitary Queen.		30. B to B 4th	R to Q R sq
15. B to Q 3rd	P to Q R 4th	31. R to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
16. B to Q 3rd	Q to Kt 4th	32. R (Q sq) to K sq	Q R to K B sq
17. P to B 4th	Q to Q sq	33. R to K 8th	

All the Black forces are now at home.

Black resigns.

NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

The past history of the Naval Volunteers is one of the blackest failures in Admiralty administration. It is many years ago now that the founders of the Naval Volunteer corps of the past were struck with the idea that their military brethren, however willing, would never be called upon to fight unless the Navy were first destroyed. “That being so,” they argued, “it is in the Navy, and not in the Army, that Britain will want her sons.” Realising this very patent truth, they offered their services, and, after a great deal of agitation, were given permission to die for their country at their own expense. It might have seemed that, even if their services were slight, their existence on these terms would hurt nobody. As a matter of fact, their services were slight only because of official cold water; the most that men could do in the circumstances the Naval Artillery Volunteers did. I have seen them at work in the past, and it was a deal more than “playing at sailors.” All naval routine was gone through, and naval routine is anything but an easy matter to those accustomed to life on other lines. However, the R.N.A.V. took it as all in the day's work; and, like Oliver Twist, they asked for more.

As a body of men they were therefore a decided asset to the country, except in one particular. Unluckily for the Naval Volunteers, Mercantile Jack, who served in the Royal Naval Reserve, got it into his head that “a bloke wot did sailing for nix was a cussed blackleg,” and as the result of that objection, after some skilful political engineering, the R.N.A.V. went under. A variety of old Admirals, who had seen little or nothing of them, were ready enough to condemn supposed technical defects, and the rest was easy. Thus, they ceased to exist nearly ten years ago. As luck would have it, however, the enthusiasm of some of the “sailors at their own expense” was beyond all official cold water, and as the result of persistent quiet agitation the Naval Volunteers have at last been reincarnated.

Now, I in no way wish to assign a fancy value to this force. At the outset, indeed, I would lay down that they can in no sense whatever be accepted as a substitute for the “Regular.” But—and this is a great point—neither can the merchant-service seaman. It is all very well for faddists to argue lengthily and learnedly about the Naval Reserve, and cite instances of merchant-ship sailors who served at Trafalgar. Trafalgar was a long time ago, and no lesson taught there is of any use to-day—save indirectly to our enemies. The modern Navy is quite a different affair. Then, any man was good for powder; to-day, the maximum of training is required. Much is made of the fact that aboard a man-of-war the work at the hoists and so forth does not necessitate very “skilled labour”; but all who have gone into the question know well enough that the men who do this work in the first battle will be needed to do skilled work in the next, for most of the first lot will have been killed or wounded. The Navy must then, in general, rely on its own men. It can replace the men at the hoists by Reserves or Volunteers, but it would be a bad day for the Navy did it rely on these in the first place. Reserves, whether Militia or Volunteers, must have a secondary rôle, except in a few isolated cases. And what we need beyond everything else is a great number of men to draw from. This is where the Naval Volunteers come in. Every man who joins the Naval Volunteers is one more added to the fighting force of the Empire and the Navy. There is no need to quote the old proverb about “one volunteer being worth three pressed men”; nor is it indeed quite apposite, since every man in the R.N.R. is in a sense a volunteer. But he is not a volunteer in the same sort of way; he has not “joined for service only when killing is to be done,” and so does not represent the same ethical view.

Let us glance at the probable duties of the Naval Volunteers in war. I say the probable duties because they are not exactly as official statements may put them.

First of all, at all our principal seaports we shall have bodies of Naval Volunteers, each body under its own officers, organised much as soldier Volunteers are organised. The first act when war breaks out will be the department of the Coastguard to war-ships. They will be urgently needed afloat and they will have to go afloat at the very outset, or else new ships will lie idle for want of crews. The Naval Volunteers, after being talked to about being ready to die for King and Country, will be put on Coastguard work—to watch for smuggled tobacco, and similar exciting duties. In the official (peace) view that will be the sum of their labours; but peace and war are not the same thing. Once war is upon us, we shall need afloat every able-bodied man that we can lay hands on, and Coastguard duties will be kept to Army Volunteers or civilians, pure and simple—every man with any nautical training whatever will be wanted in the Fleet. To the Fleet, then, the Naval Volunteers will go, a few here and a few there, to fill the gaps made by war. There is not going to be any “playing at soldiers” for them when the great fight comes. In the cordite haze, when the lyddite is bursting, where the boltheads fly and wreckage is god, the Naval Volunteer will be found—too often, alas! to be a Naval Volunteer no more.

Assuredly, Naval Volunteering is not work for a man who only wants to look nice in a uniform. But for the one who means business no more thorough method of “seeing the fun” can be recommended, for he is certain to get all that he wants of it—possibly more, for that matter. We have barely enough men to man all our ships, even were all those of the Naval Reserve available—which they certainly will not be. A good half of these will all too probably be away at sea in their own ships, and it is in no way clear that the merchant service will be able to spare them. The gaps made by battle will need filling, and immediate filling. While we have peace, politicians find it easy to shelve the manning question—it is simple to juggle with figures. But when war comes, no such juggling will be of any avail; the truth will be clear enough then. Men will have to be found—men, too, who have had some training in sea life. Then will be the apotheosis of the Naval Volunteer.

FRED T. JANE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

TO

“THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,”


PAID IN ADVANCE.

INLAND. { Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £t 9s. 3d.
Six Months, 4s. 6d.; Christmas Half-year, 15s. 3d.
Three Months, 2s. 6d.; Christmas Quarter, 8s. 3d.


ABROAD. { Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £t 10s. 4d.
Six Months, 5s. 6d.; Christmas Half-year, 16s. 3d.
Three Months, 3s. 6d.; Christmas Quarter, 9s. 4d.





A SOLUBLE SOAP POWDER
with which
a powerful disinfectant
and deodoriser
has been incorporated.


 may be used in powder or solution.


Sprinkle it about where a suspicious smell is detected—
in lavatories, sickrooms, cesspools, sewers, &c.

 for disinfecting & washing bedclothes,
bodylinen, bandages, &c,
to guard against contagion.

WHERE  is used
MICROBES DIE,
AND THERE IS LITTLE CHANCE
OF INFECTION.

 combines a soap &
germicide; it is no dearer than soap.

 to Scrub floors,
paintwork, linoleum, &c.—
destroys vermin.

 in hospitals &
public institutions, for disinfection.



**A SOAP, DEODORISER,
AND DISINFECTANT**

LEVER BROS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE.



LADIES' PAGE.

In a book just published with the title "Victoria, Queen and Ruler," Mrs. Crawford, the Paris correspondent of *Truth*, offers at least a contrast to the accepted view of Queen Victoria's great life and honoured character. One is reminded of the Athenian voter who cast his oyster-shell ballot for the banishment of Aristides simply because he was tired of hearing him called "the Just." Mrs. Crawford has nothing, as a matter of course, to



A SMART WALKING-GOWN.

tell detrimental to the character of the revered late Queen; but she steadily makes all things small that were great, and denies courageously all that leading statesmen and persons in immediate contact with Queen Victoria have repeated to her credit. Some of the statements here made are quite original. Whoever before heard that the girl-Queen, just before her marriage, was received when she appeared at Ascot with shouts of "Mrs. Melbourne," uttered by "a crowd of men—gentlemen in respect of rank—in the enclosure"? Whoever heard that there was the least suggestion in the wish of the Peel Ministry to remove from the young Queen's household the ladies-in-waiting whose husbands were of the Whig party, and that those ladies had "turned her Palace into a house of licentious pleasure." It is extraordinary that such things should be printed at this time of day! The ladies whom the Queen insisted on keeping in 1839 included the Duchess of Sutherland, of philanthropic fame; the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the very lady of whom Lord John Russell wrote that "she diffused an air of holiness, and peace, and purity over the house of Bowood, which neither rich nor poor can ever forget"; the good Lady Lyttelton, and others of the same type. They have all passed away, but some respect is still due to their names and their families; and historic truth deserves respect always—the fact being that the incoming Ministry simply wanted to get the places for their own friends as part of the spoils of office. And surely the young Queen was right in refusing to be deprived of all her intimate women friends and attendants, though as a girl, inexperienced and hasty of will, she raised needless discussion to gain her point. But she did gain it, and for good; for only the Mistress of the Robes has held her appointment as a political gift ever since that "Bed-chamber" affair; all the other ladies were appointed by the Queen herself according to her own taste and wish, as was surely proper. A sort of agreement was arrived at that her Majesty would not appoint to offices about her person the wives of prominent party leaders; and with this "self-denying ordinance" in force, the Queen exercised the right of the humblest of her subjects to make her daily companions and friends of women whom she personally liked.

There is much new and interesting matter about the late Queen's early life, gained from her mother's secretary, Sir John Conroy, and his son. "The young Princess was passionately fond of dancing, and liked the waltz best, but only waltzed with a dancing-mistress.

She was an excellent musician, kept time like a metronome, played duets, and lost her patience awfully if her partner was the slightest bit erratic. She sang duets with her mother. She disliked being thought German, and once, when ill and feverish from a sore throat, was very sorry to hear that she talked nothing but German in her sleep. She was denied works of fiction. No novels were allowed—even Miss Edgeworth and the Waverley Novels being under the ban, except 'Tales of a Grandfather,' because they counted as history. Miss Victoire Conroy was temporarily in disgrace for recommending 'The Vicar of Wakefield' to her friend. It was objected to on the ground that it contained two elopements. The opinion of the Irish lady who catechised Captain Conroy was, 'Why, she is not a Queen; she's a snowdrop!'" There is also much that is interesting about the Duke of Kent. It is clear that in many respects Queen Victoria repeated her father's character. In one respect she certainly differed, but then circumstances were not the same: the Duke of Kent incurred heavy debts, and his daughter never went into debt, but made her income cover her needs. She paid off her father's debts in full when she came to the throne. It is interesting to remember that this is a repetition of the history of Queen Elizabeth: the father debased the coinage to raise money for his purposes; the daughter restored it at vast cost to her own purse. Many people will be surprised to learn that we might have had another Queen Elizabeth in name: William the Fourth's Queen had a daughter who was baptised by that historic name, and who lived four months.

About the late Queen's dress the book is smart, and no doubt correct. "The sceptre of fashion was in commission from the birth of Princess Helena to the marriage of Napoleon III. It was then held for eighteen years by the Empress Eugénie, whose sway was world-wide and undisputed. Nothing she invented suited the Queen of England. The voluminous crinoline was adopted by her late Majesty; she did not attempt to reduce the circumference given to it in Paris. She was at a great disadvantage also in the many-flounced dresses with a wide horizontal bar on the edge of each flounce, that the Empress of the French brought in. . . . No lady south of the Tweed ever, perhaps, wore a plaid dress till the Queen went to Balmoral. The Stuart plaid has large squares, while the hues composing it are not such as could pass unheeded. . . . The head-gear which best became her when she was going on to seventy was the full-trimmed widow's cap.

She was better-looking then than at thirty." On the whole, this biography is an agreeable book of gossip, but it needs the caution applied to it that the writer gives about some of her informants of her own nationality: "The Irish do not take too literally what is said in the heat of conversation."

French, even a little of it, is of the greatest use in travel, and any woman who hopes to travel one day should endeavour to acquire a certain conversational knowledge of that language. There are many such—I mean women who are not able to travel at the moment that now is, but who long to do so, and anticipate it for their future. I have met with a number in my journeyings; and even one of the most famous of women travellers, Ida Pfeiffer, who went round the world and explored countries then novel, such as the interior of Borneo, tells how she felt such a sick longing for travel that she could not bear to see a ship during the years in which her children's upbringing and her poverty chained her to one place. It was not till she was forty-five that she could set forth. But the little old lady whom I met up at the Gornegrat, who had walked up there by herself, and who had just before walked over the Gemmi, must have been at least sixty; and she had been until just that year under the management of an invalid relative, who would never stir from her native town. Or, again, in Egypt, there was the poor lady, who looked to be dying, and who must have been nearly seventy, and yet was going up the Nile alone, though she said she had had to quarrel with her son to get away. Yes, some of us are born with the love of wandering, and some with the limpet-like nature; and when the two tendencies happen to live together, with the born traveller under the rule of the stay-at-home, it is a sad case, only mitigated by the Pleasures of Hope. Well, the private study of French should accompany the secret hope in the waiting days.

Unfortunately, it is possible to read and write French excellently, and yet not to be able to understand a word of it when it is spoken. Such was the case of Zachary Macaulay, father of the great essayist. When a youth, living on some West Indian island, he taught himself to read French perfectly; but when an occasion came for him to receive a French visitor, he found that he could not comprehend one word of the spoken language; and, comically enough, the guest was in precisely the same case with the English tongue; so the two were reduced to writing all their conversation down like a couple of dumb folks. However, when the language is learned for reading, it is so far known that only practice is needed to catch it by ear also. And the language of our neighbours is the tongue of cultivated society everywhere—as it is of diplomacy. Italians, even of the poorer class—cabmen,

shopkeepers, and others who come in contact with the world outside their families—generally speak it. Russians talk and write in French—the educated classes, that is to say—more than in Russ. A young Spanish nobleman whom I knew, and who used very often to show me his letters, was always addressed in French, even by his parents. He spoke it beautifully, and he told me that it is habitually used in conversation in upper-class Spanish families. It is almost as native to the Belgians as their own Flemish. English may be the language most used for business, and German that in which the best serious literature is to be found; but the language to go about the world with is French, above all others, and with that and our mother tongue we can manage to find our way about in all the ordinary tracks of travel.

Seaside and country hats are very becoming to the happy and youthful faces of the girls of the period. Floppy and light they are, made of gathered muslin or folded cambric, or of soft straw, trimmed with a simple scarf of spotted foulard or dainty lace. "Frillies" are often observed hanging over the brims, and make a shade from the sun on the rare occasions when such an event as a burst of his brilliance appears. A gathered lawn or book muslin hat, with a fall of lace by way of brim, and a bunch of poppies stuck through a lace scarf laid with apparent carelessness round the crown, poised upon shining locks and framing a healthy, sunny English maiden's face, is charming to see. The old-fashioned sun-bonnet is capital for children running about all day, as it protects the nape of the neck from sun and wind. It should be made of plain cambric, so that it can be sent to the laundry, and, with its full-frilled front starched and goffered, return looking like new. A certain *chic* is given to a wide-brimmed hat by tying it on with black velvet strings. They can be attached to the crown in any comfortable spot, and tied loosely under the chin or at the left side of the face, bending the brim down slightly, but not too much.

A smart walking-gown is here illustrated, which shows the very latest fashion in autumn frocks. It is composed of Amazon cloth of a rich beaver shade, trimmed with velvet of a darker tint edged with tinsel cord. The picture-hat is of beaver-coloured felt, trimmed with velvet and ostrich feathers, the stems of which are



A NEW TRAVELLING-COAT.

fastened in front with an antique metal buckle. As mole-skin coats and stoles will be more fashionable than ever this season, this pretty beaver shade of cloth will be greatly in demand for walking costumes, for it tones perfectly with the soft moleskins, and its charms are greatly enhanced by a touch of turquoise blue. An ideal garment for travelling is a loose-fitting coat of some thin light material, such as linen crash, Shantung silk, or gloria, which can be used both as a dust-coat or as a protection against slight showers, and a new and original design, which is eminently suitable for the purpose, is shown in our sketch.—FILOMENA.

THE COCOA "PAR EXCELLENCE."



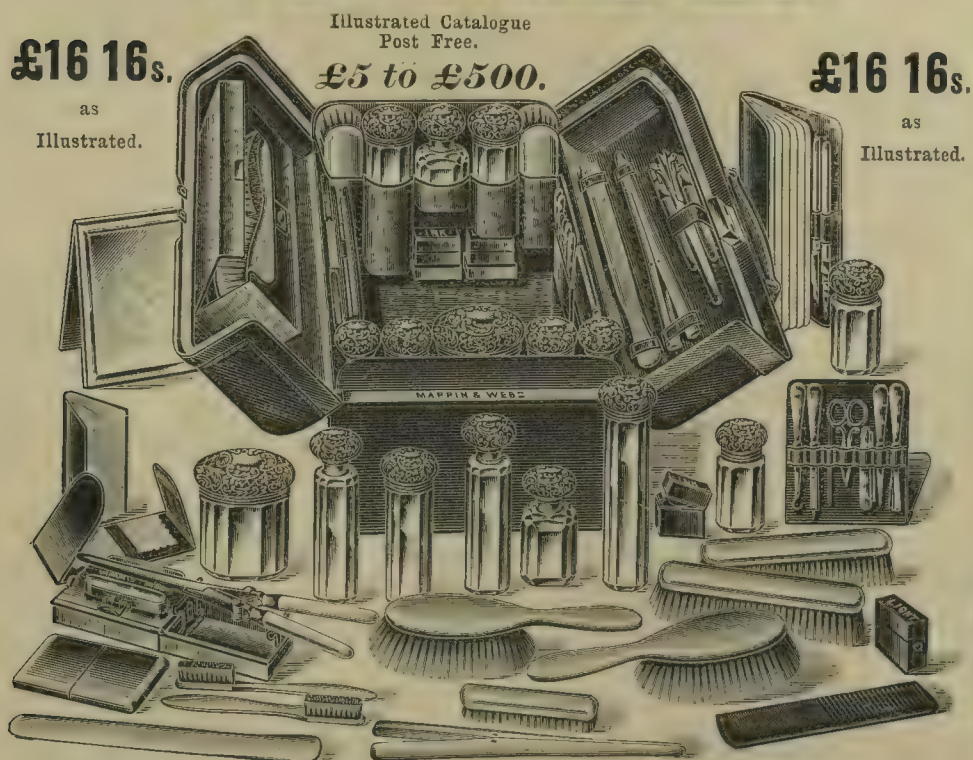
Fry's PURE
CONCENTRATED
300
Gold Medals,
&c. **Cocoa**

"It deserves all the praise it has received from the Leaders of the Profession."—Medical Magazine.

(MAPPIN BROS. INCORPORATED.)

Mappin & Webb Ltd.

FITTED TRAVELLING BAGS.



Finest Morocco Leather Dressing Bag, completely fitted with Sterling Silver and Ivory Requisites, as illustrated, £16 16s.

London Show Rooms: { 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.
158-162, OXFORD STREET, WEST.
220, REGENT STREET, WEST.
MANUFACTORY—The Royal Works, SHEFFIELD. MANCHESTER—24-26, St. Ann's Square.

Registered Nos.,
342,186/7.

FOX'S PATENT SPIRAL PUTTEES

Are so shaped as to Wind on Spirally from Ankle to Knee and to Fit Closely to the Leg with Even Pressure Without any Turns or Twists.

Made in Two Weights, "HEAVY" and "LIGHT," and in a Variety of Colours. Shade Cards on Application.

The Spat Puttee has been adopted by the War Office for Officers' wear. The "HEAVY" Weight or "REGULATION" Quality is the same as now supplied to His Majesty's Government.

NO MEASUREMENTS REQUIRED. WILL FIT ANY LEG. MADE OF ALL WOOL. A MOST COMFORTABLE SUPPORT TO THE LEG.

For Rough Hard Wear, no Leg Covering has ever been Invented Equal to the "PUTTEE."

Can be Worn under Trousers to Keep the Leg Dry in Wet or Snow.

Can be Used with Shoes and With or Without Stockings.

Recommended for Rheumatism and Varicose Veins.

PRICE PER PAIR. **10/6** EITHER WEIGHT. WITH SPATS.

PRICE PER PAIR. **6/-** EITHER WEIGHT. WITHOUT SPATS.

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

LIGHT WEIGHT.
Per Pair.
With Spats - 7/6
Without Spats - 5/-
Send Size of Boot.

The Warmest and most Comfortable Gaiter yet invented.



PATENTEES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS—

FOX BROTHERS & CO., LTD., WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.
Agents for the United States & Canada: BALE & MANLEY, Wool Exchange Building, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Lowther Clarke has entered on his work as Bishop of Melbourne, and is winning the admiration of his diocese. Since he landed in Australia schemes for building three new churches have been started, and the cathedral expenditure has been reorganised. The Bishop is appointing a commission of prominent laymen of the diocese to inquire into the needs of the Church, and to consider the provision of new schools. In four months about £3000 was raised towards the new episcopal residence. When the building is finished at the end of the year Melbourne will possess one of the finest Bishop's houses outside England.

The fiftieth anniversary of the death of the Rev. F. W. Robertson was celebrated at Trinity Church, Brighton, last week. The present incumbent, the Rev. Felix Asher, is a warm admirer of his great predecessor, and he preached one of the special sermons, the others being delivered by Canon Hoskyns, Vicar of Brighton, and the Rev. V. A. Boyle, of Portslade.

Among the friends of the Church Missionary Society some anxiety is felt as to its financial prospects. The *Record* states that the receipts and expenditure for the four months ending July 31 were lately considered by the general committee, and that the position is not an encouraging one. Local workers for this great missionary society are being asked to devise and carry out fresh plans for increasing its resources.

An episcopal throne and choir-stalls are to be placed in St. Albans Cathedral as a memorial to the late Bishop Festing. The total cost will be about £3000, and it is hoped that it will be ready for use by St. Albans Day, 1904.

An interesting clergyman now in England is Canon Wilson, pastor of the largest ecclesiastical district in Sierra Leone. His communicants number over one thousand, and he has two chapels-of-ease to the mother church of Holy Trinity. Canon Wilson has come to England in order to gain some practical insight into parochial work, and also to preach for the Diocesan Fund.

The important office of General Secretary of the Church of England's Men's Society has been conferred upon the Rev. E. Gordon Savile. Mr. Savile has had an interesting experience both in East London and in the West Australian mission field. He worked for five years under the present Bishop of Burnley as assistant-curate of Stepney Parish Church, and

afterwards was in charge of a township in the diocese of Perth, Australia.

Mr. Edward Keble Talbot, one of the sons of the Bishop of Rochester, is to receive a title for Holy Orders from the Rector of Woolwich, Canon Escreet. Mr. Talbot was educated at Winchester, whence he went to Christ Church, Oxford, and Cuddesdon Theological College.

One of the best-known American ministers at present in England is Dr. Whitman, who has taken the August

was much injured, and it will be some time before he can return to his duties.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell is on his way home from America. No definite date has been fixed for the reopening of the City Temple, but it is hoped that by the beginning of September the alterations will be completed. Mr. Campbell has had a very enjoyable journey, and has not suffered unduly from the heat.

Bishop Montgomery and Mr. Eugene Stock will be the principal speakers at the Missionary Session of the Bristol Church Congress. An excellent programme has been arranged, and it is noticeable that the Evangelical and Moderate section of the Church is more largely represented on the speakers' list than at some previous Congresses.

Canon Scott Holland's visit to South Africa in connection with the proposed "Mission of Help" to the Anglican churches is likely to have important consequences. It is expected that other noted preachers will follow his example, and the missionaries next year may include the Bishops of Ripon and Chichester.—V.



A COMBINED LIFE-SAVING AND FIRE-EXTINGUISHING APPLIANCE.

services at Mr. Meyer's church in Westminster Bridge Road. Dr. Whitman is perhaps the tallest and handsomest of the many fine-looking ministers whom the United States have sent us during recent summers. He has also a remarkably powerful voice, and as an open-air speaker to working men is especially successful.

Bishop Frodsham, of North Queensland, who has been making a tour of the Australasian Colonies on behalf of his diocese, which has suffered severely from the recent cyclone, has met with a serious accident. While driving in Auckland he was thrown from his carriage, which collided with a tramcar. The Bishop

charge consists of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in water in the cylinder, sulphuric acid in a lead bottle being so placed that by turning a handle the acid is mixed with the soda solution, generating carbonic acid gas at high pressure. The chemical hose is carried on a revolving reel, so arranged that the chemical fluid passes through, and thus the jet can be thrown with any length of hose still wound on the reel. The fire-escape can be detached in an instant and used independently. Eight men can be carried, and as a "first-aid" appliance the apparatus is a distinct advance in fire-brigade inventions. The new appliance is the work of Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, London.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY,

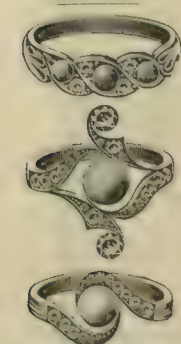
112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.



Reg. No. 309,220.
Fine Diamond "1003,"
with Knife-edged Gold
Border. £5 10s.
In Pearls, £2 15s.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS.



THE FINEST SELECTION
IN LONDON.
Prices on application.



Fine Amethyst, Pearl, and
Diamond Pendant, forming
Brooch, £32 10s.

Illustrated
Catalogue
Post Free.



Fine Gold, Pearl, and Turquoise
Brooch, £2.

MODERATE
PRICES.



Fine Gold, Pearl, and
Turquoise Brooch,
£1 5s.



Fine Gold, Pearl, and Turquoise
Brooch, £2 5s.

INSPECTION
INVITED.



Fine Gold and Enamel
Shamrocks and Flower,
with Pearl Centres,
forming Brooch and
Pendant, £6.



Fine Pearl and Turquoise
Pendant, Necklet,
Platinum Chain, £13.



Fine Pearl and
Turquoise Pendant,
£2 15s.



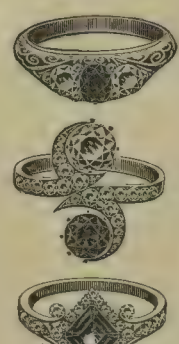
Fine Diamond, Enamel, and
Tourmaline, with a Ruby
Drop Pendant, £40.

Selections
Forwarded
on
Approval.



Fine Pearl and Turquoise
Brooch, £4 15s.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS.



THE FINEST SELECTION
IN LONDON.
Prices on application.



JEWELLERS TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Goldsmiths Company,
112, Regent Street, W.

Goldsmiths Company,
112, Regent Street, W.

PRESENTS IN JEWELLERY.

THE
Goldsmiths Company is
the Leading House in
the Trade for Presents
in Diamond and Gem
Jewellery. All Goods
supplied direct at
Manufacturers' Cash
Prices, saving Pur-
chasers 25 to 50 per
cent.

Goldsmiths Company,
112, Regent Street, W.

Goldsmiths Company,
112, Regent Street, W.



Fine Diamond and Turquoise Bracelet, £85.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

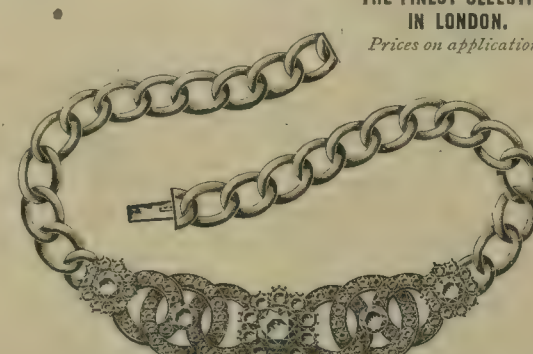
The Goldsmiths Company's Stock of Diamond and Gem Jewellery is the Choicest in the World.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Purchasers saved from 25 to 50 per cent.



Fine Gold and Turquoise Shamrock and
Gold Fancy Bar Brooch, £1 5s.



Fine Diamond Bracelet, £77 10s.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, LTD., 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
Telephone: 3729 Gerrard. (With which is incorporated THE GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Ltd. (A. B. Savory & Sons), late of Cornhill, E.C.)
Telegrams: "ARGENNON, LONDON."

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID **AMMONIA**

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

Invigorating in Hot Climates.

Restores the Colour to Carpets.

Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Softens Hard Water.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

None Genuine without the Signature of Scrubb & Co. on each Bottle.

SCRUBB & CO., GUILDFORD ST., LONDON, S.E.

The Whisky of Perfect Purity

DEWAR'S

'WHITE LABEL'

ART NOTES.

ENGLAND AND WHISTLER.

Two friends of Mr. Whistler—Mr. Joseph Pennell is one of them—have written a protest “against the proposal of an exhibition of Mr. Whistler’s works under the auspices of the Royal Academy.” Then they go on to say: “We had the privilege of seeing, perhaps, more of Mr. Whistler during the last ten years of his life than any of his other friends, and he has on many occasions expressed to us the hope that no picture of his would ever be hung again on the walls of Burlington House, or even be included in one of the English national collections.” Mr. Whistler’s own favourite phrase, “amazing,” is the only one which meets this strange plea for the punishment of the nation, and for a real—no longer a merely fancied—injury to Whistler’s fame.

And then Mr. Whistler’s two friends go on to explain. “The reason,” they say, “for his strong desire to deprive England of any of his work is explained by the behaviour of the governing body of the Royal Academy towards him, and the attitude of English critics and professors towards his work, until other countries recognised in him the greatest master of the nineteenth century.” We do not pause to ask what those countries may be: a somewhat wide acquaintance with the written and spoken opinions of the critics and professors of France, Italy, Holland, and Germany enables us to say at once that none of these are the countries that accord to Mr. Whistler this absolute pre-eminence. We pass on to the final statement of Mr. Whistler’s spokesmen. “There can be no question,” they say, “of an *amende honorable*

where the very suggestion would have seemed an insult.” For a not very pretty piece of unreason, the situation, as thus described, would be difficult to beat.

If a man of salience comes into a dull company, the probability is that he will be left severely alone: which is only repeating what Wordsworth said in

statelier measure—that a man of genius must be his own heaven with the mass. The greater he is, the more must he be the creator of his own audience. It is because he has something to teach that others do not know, and cannot see to be obvious, that he is a Master and founds a school. Mr. Whistler was called among his friends “the Master,” and whoever heard of a master who educated his class and then talked of their adhesion as an “insult”? Whoever heard of any master who held himself in certain moods to be a martyr, and who yet held out a threatening hand from the grave against future generations of believers? The reward of martyrdom is the conversion of the many: the blind see. One by one we think of the great Masters of Arts, if not ignored in their own day, at least strangely underrated, but rejoicing that their hour would come, and knowing that the more they were in advance of their fellows, and therefore the less within reach of contemporary estimation, the longer would their fame live on into the future of a world that is sure if slow in its progression. The ascent may be spiral, as a poet has said, and therefore scarce noticeable; but the ascent is there. The man head and shoulders above his own generation is soon to be approached, reached, overtopped.

All this would be true if Mr. Whistler had been an unappreciated man of genius.

A man of genius he was; but was he unappreciated? We cannot admit it for a moment; and, in view of this strangely declared vendetta, we must make a protest against the cant that would constitute a purchase by the Chantrey Trustees the test and measure of a painter’s appreciation by Englishmen. When Whistler first came to London, he was instantly



Photo. A. Magn.

THE MANŒUVRES OF THE FIRST ARMY CORPS: HORSES BEING TOWED ACROSS A RESERVOIR.

Those troopers of the Cavalry Brigade who were able to swim rode their horses through the water; those who could not crossed in collapsible boats furnished by the Engineers, and towed their horses after them.

Absolutely unique
in their qualities



No. 555:

4/9

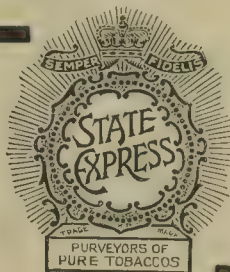
per 100;

1/3

per 25.

FOR DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES



SOLD BY ALL GOOD-
CLASS TOBACCONISTS
AND STORES.

Manufacturers:
ARDATH TOBACCO CO.,
London, E.C.

A Dainty Soap

“Erasmic
Soap”

for Dainty Folk

*Its daintiness, purity,
and fragrance have
earned for it the
name of*

“BEAUTY’S
BEST.”

4d. per Tablet, 1/- per Box.

TWO BIJOU SAMPLE TABLETS
sent post free for Two Penny Stamps by addressing
ERASMIC CO., LTD., WARRINGTON.

SMITHS



THE QUEEN of CRÈME de MENTHE.

PIPPERMINT

GET FRÈRES.

A HIGH-CLASS TONIC AND DIGESTIVE LIQUEUR.

Sold in Quarts (litres) 5s., Pints (½-litres), 3s., by Wine Merchants & Stores.

Free Sample on application to Sole Agent for United Kingdom
and British Colonies—

B. LAURIEZ, 6, Fenchurch Buildings, LONDON, E.C.



ADAMS'S

FURNITURE

POLISH.

Unequalled for its Brilliance and
Cleanliness.

It Cleans, Polishes, and Preserves Furniture, Brown Boots,
Patent Leather, and Varnished or Enamelled Goods.

Send addressed envelope (stamped ½d.) for dainty Memo Tablets.

VICTORIA PARK WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.

“The Queen.”—Feels no hesitation in recom-
mending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.

The Secret of Health— Good Food.

It is just as easy to eat proper food, which maintains good health, as to eat food which does not agree with you—and so does not nourish your body—and much cheaper—it only costs 6d. a packet, and requires no cooking.

“Force” is common-sense food.

There's nothing *quite* like it.

Of all Grocers **6^{d.}** per Packet.

To those who are unacquainted with Lazenby's Sauce a trial will be a delightful revelation. Clear, mellow, of unquestioned purity, well-aged, and of a delicate, appetising flavour, it has for more than a century been the favourite sauce of epicures.

It is one of the most interesting links of the present with the gastronomic successes of the eighteenth century.



Prepared by E. LAZENBY & SON, Ltd., 18, Trinity St., London, S.E.,
Purveyors of High-Class Pickles, Potted Meats, Table Jellies, Soups, &c.

IZAL

The Disinfectant
OFFICIALLY
ADOPTED BY
H.M. GOVERNMENT.

USED BY
THE
BRITISH ARMY
THROUGHOUT THE
SOUTH AFRICAN
CAMPAIGN.

**One Bottle
MAKES
10 Gals.**

NON-POISONOUS.
NON-CORROSIVE.

**IDEAL
FOR ALL
DOMESTIC
PURPOSES.**

Be assured it is
**BEST
to use only the
BEST.**

A FIFTY-PAGE BOOKLET:
THE IZAL RULES OF HEALTH.
By Dr. Andrew Wilson,
Giving full instructions for use, will be sent, post free,
on application to the Manufacturers—
NEWTON, CHAMBERS & Co., Ltd.,
Thorncliffe, near Sheffield.

Dr. Deimel

(LINEN-MESH)

Underwear

When you buy this UNDERWEAR you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have the best of its kind. No other is like it; no other can give the same comfort and satisfaction.

It allows the fresh air to come in contact with every part of the body, insuring a vigorous, active skin, without which there can be no continued good health.

All DEIMEL GARMENTS bear the DEIMEL name on a woven Trade-Mark Label, as below.

Booklet telling all about it, with samples of the fabric, free on request.



This Trade-Mark on every Garment.

THE DEIMEL FABRIC Co.,

10-11, Bread Street, Cheapside, London, E.C.

New York, U.S.A., 491, Broadway. Montreal, Canada, 2202, St. Catherine Street.

GOLD MEDAL,
Health Exhibition, London.

BENGER'S

**FOOD
FOR
INFANTS,
INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.**

The BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL
says—

“Benger's Food has,
by its excellence,
established a
reputation
of its
own.”

Delicious, Nutritive, Digestible.

BENGER'S FOOD IS SOLD IN TINS BY CHEMISTS, &C., EVERYWHERE.

made welcome to the society an artist must have been the most eager to enter. Rossetti at once made him his friend; so did Mr. Swinburne, who bought one very early picture, "La Mère Giraud," and wrote verses for another, "The Little White Girl." If there were two French or two Dutch men of letters as eminent as these who thus early recognised Whistler's artistry, we shall be glad to get their names.

This just-named "Little White Girl" was hung in the Academy of 1864, after it had been offered to the Salon and rejected. Again one wonders where those cities lie (if they lie anywhere) which hailed Mr. Whistler as the greatest artist of a century of great art, while London hung (but Paris rejected) him. Earlier than that, in 1850 or 1860—we have not the catalogue at hand—Mr. Whistler's "At a Piano" was accepted and hung by the Academy, then housed in Trafalgar Square, where the National Gallery still contains on one of its surfaces the belated legend, "Royal Academy of Arts." The doleful fate of this picture we hardly like to mention. It was bought by—a Royal Academician!

The "professors and the critics"—these are a target only second in convenience to the Academy itself. The professors can take care of themselves. The critics are our concern. We make no claim to be more discriminating than our contemporaries; but our columns may fairly be said to represent the average opinion of critics who go to exhibitions; and this is what our critic wrote thirty-one years ago of the picture just named: "No. 941, by Mr. Whistler, confessedly a portrait of his mother, is an elderly lady in a black dress and white cap, seated before a black-figured curtain, and a print in a black frame hangs on a grey wall. The face also is approximated to grey, the colouring of the flesh being almost negative, though relatively as true and beautiful as it is tender. Let no one suppose that the apparently careless smudges of paint which Mr. Whistler offers as art-symphonies or, so to speak, pictorial songs without words, are

THE KING'S GIFT TO THE ROYAL DORSET YACHT CLUB.

The above cup was presented for competition at the club's regatta. It has been designed and manufactured by the King's silversmiths, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, London, W.

merely employed to conceal his ignorance of form. So far from this, the face here is exquisitely subtle in drawing and modelling." If the average critic in Buda-Pesth, or wherever he was, wrote of Mr. Whistler thirty years ago with a fuller appreciation than this, we shall be glad to be favoured with a special quotation.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 28, 1903), with a codicil (of June 20, following), of Mr. Noel Whiting, of Lavender Lodge, Battersea, who died on July 6, was proved on Aug. 11 by Charles Edward Bladon, James William Restler, and Richard Purdue; the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £649,639. The testator gives £200,000, in trust, for the three children of his deceased nephew, Matthew Noel Whiting—namely, £100,000 for Henry Noel, and £50,000 each for Noela and Marion; £75,000 to Dame Juliette Elizabeth Marie Turner; £25,000 to Major-General Sir Alfred Edward Turner; £20,000 each to Charles Edward Bladon and Richard Purdue; £8,000 to James William Restler; £15,000 each to Florence and Reginald Whiting; £10,000 to the Rev. Henry Collinson; £7500 each to Sarah Elizabeth Collinson, John Jacob Collinson, and Fanny Turner; £5000 each to Edward F. Turner, John A. Humphrey, John Boustead, Miss Eveline Burkett, and J. W. Dawson; and other legacies. He further gives £10,000 to the Ironmongers' Company; £5000 to Canon Clarke, Vicar of Battersea, for the benefit of the inhabitants of Battersea; £5000 to the Bolingbroke Hospital; £3000 each to the London, Guy's, and St. George's Hospitals; £2000 each to University College Hospital, the Dental Hospital (Leicester Square), and the Mount Vernon Hospital for Consumption; £1000 each to the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb (Oxford Street), St. Luke's Hospital (Old Street), and to William Stewart Forbes for the maintenance or enlargement of the Convalescent Home founded by him at Otham, near Maidstone; and £500 each to the Royal Eye Hospital (St. George's Circus), the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital (City Road), the Invalid Children's Aid Association (Henrietta Street, W.C.), and St. Monica's Home Hospital for Sick Children (Brondesbury Park). The residue of his property he leaves between Lady Turner, the Rev. Henry Collinson, Sarah Elizabeth Collinson, Fanny Turner, Charles Edward Bladon, and Richard Purdue.

The will (dated April 2, 1902) of Mr. Reginald John Neild, of 100, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, who died on

MERRYWEATHERS' APPARATUS FOR COUNTRY HOUSE FIRE PROTECTION.



THE MERRYWEATHER "LONDON BRIGADE" HAND FIRE PUMP.

2540 out of the 4190 London Fires were extinguished in one year by these pumps. Price complete, delivered free in United Kingdom, £5 5s.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLETS—
"Fire Protection of Mansions" & "Fire Drill." Can be seen in action at MERRYWEATHERS', 63, Long Acre, W.C., London.

THE "ORIGINAL" AND ONLY GENUINE.
A Delicious Dish at a Moment's Notice.
OF ALL GROCERS.



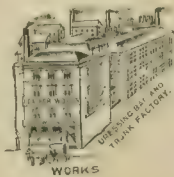
CHICKEN, RABBIT, MUTTON, LOBSTER,
PRAWNS, SAUCE, POWDER, CHUTNEE, PASTE.

THE "ORIGINAL" AND ONLY GENUINE.



A MONTH FREE TRIAL
THE PICK OF THE BEST RAZORS!

Thousands of unsolicited testimonials, all of which given after months' and many years' constant use. Prices 5s. each; with one extra blade, 6s.; with 3 extra blades and handsome case, 9s. From principal Dealers or L. ARBENZ, 33, LUDGATE HILL, BIRMINGHAM. Headquarters for Arbenz's celebrated and only genuine "Gem" Air Guns.



DREW & SONS

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.



Specialists in the Manufacture of

DRESSING BAGS AND CASES

Supplying Purchasers direct from their own London Factory, saving all Intermediate Profits. The Largest Stock in London to select from.

NEW AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FOR
WEDDING OR OTHER PRESENTATION.

Customers' Old Bag Fittings made as New and adapted to Cases of Newest Design.

PLANS AND ESTIMATES FREE.

DREW & SONS, Also Actual PATENT "EN ROUTE" PATENT
Makers of TEA & LUNCHEON BASKETS WOOD FIBRE TRUNKS

BENSON'S GEM RINGS.



At Makers' Cash Prices
saving 33% to buyers

Or by
"The Times"
System of
MONTHLY PAYMENTS

GUIDE BOOK, Profusely Illustrated, of Jewellery, Rings, Watches, Chains, Clocks, Silver, "Imperial Plate," Bags, Free. (Mention paper).

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.; 25, Old Bond-st., W.

THE HIGH-WATER MARK OF FOLDING POCKET PHOTOGRAPHY.

A New Model No. 3a F.P.K., taking Pictures 5½ by 3½.

KODAK

PRICE £4 10s.

OF ALL DEALERS, OR OF

KODAK, Ltd., 41-43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Wholesale and Retail Branches: 66, Bold Street, LIVERPOOL; and 72-74, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.
Retail Branches: 59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; and 40, Strand, London, W.C.

No pains have been spared to make this model as perfect as possible in all its details. The workmanship is ideal, and the whole thing so beautifully compact that it may be put easily in the pocket.

SCALP HUMOURS

Itching, Scaly and Crusted
With Loss of Hair

Speedily Cured by Cuticura
Soap and Ointment

When Every Other Remedy and
Physicians Fail.

Warm shampoos with Cuticura Soap and light dressings of Cuticura, the great skin cure, at once stop falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, soothe irritated, itching surfaces, destroy hair parasites, stimulate the hair follicles, loosen the scalp skin, supply the roots with energy and nourishment, and make the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

Millions of the world's best people use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for baby rashes, itches and chafings, for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration for ulcerative weaknesses, and many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery. Cuticura Soap combines in one soap at one price the best skin and complexion soap and the best toilet, bath and baby soap in the world.

Complete treatment for every humour, consisting of Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin, Cuticura Ointment, to heal the skin, and Cuticura Pills, to cool the blood, may now be had for 4s. 9d. A single set is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning and scaly humours, eczemas, rashes and irritations, from infancy to age, when all else fails.

HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases,
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

real hair
savers.

WAVERS

**CONSTITUTIONAL
DEBILITY**

Indigestion

**AND CONSTIPATION
CURED.**

"I SUFFERED FROM INDIGESTION, CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY, CONSTIPATION, and an exhausting pain at the heart," said Mrs. Bradshaw, 87, Birstall Street, Leicester, to a local Pressman. "When I walked upstairs, a few steps took my breath away, and I was obliged to sit on the stair for a moment to recover, and so reach the top by two or three efforts. There came over me at the same time a dizziness that made the ascent a danger: There was a dazed feeling about the head, which increased as I proceeded with my work, and by the middle of a week I was done up—never could complete a week's work. All the time there was a terrible pain between the shoulders from wind. Eating was always a trouble. If I attempted to get any solid food down—meat, or even a taste of cheese—I suffered fearfully, and had a long spell of depression afterwards. For a long time I paid about five shillings a week in pills, drugs, and mixtures, medicines of all kinds, but could not get rid of the ailment. I grew very thin and weak, and felt thoroughly hopeless. A sample of Bile Beans was left at the house. I took them, and felt so much relief the next day that I bought a full box and took these. The pains ceased, and it was soon clear I was rid at last of the constipation, which was at the root of all the trouble. I proceeded with the Bile Beans, and the improvement went on until I was thoroughly cured. In three months I was quite changed—a hearty, healthy woman, with a good appetite and the best of spirits. I shall never forget what I owe to Bile Beans, and never fail to recommend them to everyone I find suffering."

SICK HEADACHE.

Among the chief causes of Sick Headache may be mentioned bad digestion, anæmia, want of tone in the system, mental excitement, impure air, and improper diet. The headache is generally periodical, and is accompanied by sickness, sometimes to great excess. In the treatment of this ailment, in the first place, the bowels should be opened, but only in a mild and gentle way, the diet attended to, and healthy exercise indulged in as much as possible. A course of BILE BEANS will be found most beneficial, and if persevered with they will give tone to the system and render a recurrence of the ailment most improbable. Their action is mild, yet beneficial, and no fear need be entertained by people with the weakest stomach that any harm will follow their judicious use. They dispel all waste matter from the system, and restore the various organs to their normal healthy condition, and thus cure the symptom by removing the cause.

**Bile
Beans
FOR
Biliousness**



"Eating was always a trouble—could not eat meat."

Bile Beans do not merely purge, giving temporary relief only, like the old-fashioned so-called remedies of forty or fifty years ago. They act directly on the liver and digestive organs, strengthening and stimulating those organs to perform their natural duties. They produce a gentle action on the bowels, curing or preventing constipation, cleansing the stomach, and ridding the system of all impurities. Do not be misled by claims of half a hundred pills in the box, where probably four to six constitute a dose, and the doses cannot be discontinued. ONE BILE BEAN IS ONE DOSE. They can be discontinued after the cure is effected; they are purely vegetable; they contain no harmful drugs, and they are the SAFEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

**BILE BEANS
ARE NOT
SOLD LOOSE,
BEING PUT UP
IN SEALED
BOXES ONLY.**

Bile Beans for Biliousness are a speedy and permanent cure for Headache, Constipation, Piles, Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Sickness, Indigestion, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Blood Impurities, Bilious Loss of Tone, Loss of Energy, Summer Fag, "That tired feeling," Debility, Lassitude, Anæmia, and all Female Ailments. Of all Medicine Vendors throughout the world.

NO EXCUSES REQUIRED for

"CLINCHER-MICHELIN"
MOTOR TYRES (BARTLETT'S PATENT.)

Three out of the four
Cars that finished in the
Gordon Bennett Cup were
fitted with Michelin Tyres

Exactly the same in quality and construction as sold by Michelin & Co., France.

NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., Ltd.,
EDINBURGH.

London Depot—MAISON TALBOT, 1, LONG ACRE.

Nicholson's

"N S S"

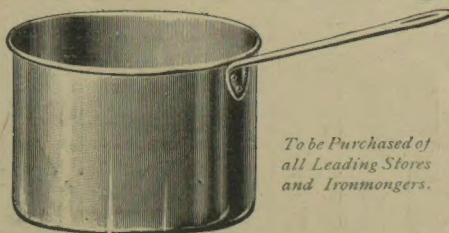
Whisky

J. & W. NICHOLSON & Co., Ltd.,
Distillers and Rectifiers.

SPECIAL NEW WARE.
**SOLID PURE (98/99%) NICKEL TABLE AND
KITCHEN UTENSILS.**

Nickel is the Cleanest and Purest Metal. Nothing to wear off, as in the case of ordinary plated goods. Everlasting Wear. Cooking Utensils our Great Speciality. Made either in Solid Nickel, or with a Copper Exterior (by Dr. FLEITMANN'S ROLLING PROCESS).

No Re-Tinning Ever Required.



To be Purchased of
all Leading Stores
and Ironmongers.

Every article bears our
Trade Mark.



If any difficulty, write for Catalogue and Name of nearest Agent.

WESTPHALIAN NICKEL ROLLING MILLS,
(FLEITMANN, WITTE)
and CO. 44, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

July 6, was proved on Aug. 6 by Mrs. Louisa Maria Neild, the widow, the value of the estate being £81,782. The testator bequeaths the household effects to his wife; and £100 each to Reginald Massey Brown, George Talbot Crane, Frederick Charles im Thurn, and Charles Southall. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife and his children, John Reginald Jewsbury Neild and Mary Louisa Neild, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1895), with four codicils, of Mr. George Spofforth Lister, D.L., of Finningley Park, Yorkshire, who died on March 28 last, was proved on Aug. 5 by Robert Stanley Scholfield, of Sandhall, Howden, the surviving executor, the gross value of the estate being £93,158. The testator bequeathed to the executors of the will of his late wife, Caroline Lister, the sum of £20,000 and all his plate, linen, china, and other household effects upon the trusts mentioned in her will. The testator further directed his trustees to sell the Finningley Park estate and apply the proceeds arising therefrom, together with the residue of his personal estate, in payment of various legacies to relations, friends, and local charitable institutions specified in his will.

The will (dated Oct. 30, 1901) of Mr. John Jaffrey, of Penrhyn Terrace, Chester Road, Stretford, Lancashire, who died on June 19, has been proved by William Jaffrey, the nephew, and William Grantham, the executor, the value of the estate being £69,553. The testator gives £200 each to the Boys' Refuge (Strangeways), to Henshaw's Blind Asylum (Old Trafford), and to the Master Plumbers' Association (Manchester); his interest in the partnership business, and all money and

shares in the joint names of himself and his nephew William, to his said nephew; the property in Tonman Street, Manchester, to his niece Martha Jane Benton; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves, as to one fifth, to the children of his deceased brother Andrew, one fifth each to his brothers Robert and James and his sister Jane Dolby, and one fifth to the widow and children of his deceased brother Walter.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1889), with six codicils (dated Oct. 4, 1892; July 29 and Nov. 21, 1896; May 2, 1899; July 14, 1900; and Jan. 2, 1902), of Mr. Henry Godfrey Astell, of Ickwell House, Biggleswade, who died on July 6, has been proved by Miss Caroline Astell, the daughter, and Jeffrey Charles St. Quintin, the nephew, the value of the estate amounting to £61,925. Subject to a legacy of £200 to Jeffrey Charles St. Quintin, and legacies to servants, the testator distributes his property among his children, Mary St. Quintin Kaye, Louisa W. Long, Caroline Astell, Godfrey Astell, and William W. Astell.

The will (dated July 5, 1892), with three codicils (dated Aug. 10, 1892; May 13, 1898; and March 19, 1901), of Mrs. Mary Ann Green, of 21, Kensington Palace Gardens, who died on July 4, was proved on Aug. 1 by Dame Amy Eliza Home, the daughter, Sydney Hampden Pedder, the son-in-law, and the Rev. Arthur Green, the value of the estate being £47,522. The testator gives the household furniture, etc., to, and £5000 in trust for, Sydney Hampden Pedder, for life, and then for his daughter Amy Mary Pedder; £500 to, and £5000 in trust for, her daughter Lady Home; £300

to Sir James Home; £100 to Mrs. Homan; £200 each to her brother Thomas Kirkland and her sister Elizabeth Balmford; £100 to Frank Green; and £200 to the Rev. Arthur Green. The residue of her property she leaves, as to one moiety, to Lady Home; and the other moiety, in trust, for Sydney H. Pedder, for life, and then, in further trust, for his daughter Amy Mary Pedder.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1898) of Mr. Matthew Henry Devenish, of 169, Queen's Gate, S.W., who died on July 11, was proved on Aug. 4 by Mrs. Lavinia Mary Devenish, the widow, Captain Arthur Henry Noel Devenish, R.A., the son, and Henry Russell, the executors, the value of the estate being £39,928. The testator bequeaths £1000 and the household furniture to his wife; three hundred £10 shares in Devenish and Co. to his son; and two hundred £10 shares each to his daughters Annie Mabel and Ethel Evelyn. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, or one half thereof should she again marry, and subject thereto for his children.

The Great Western Railway Company has decided to establish road motor-car services as "feeders" to the railway in country districts. These vehicles will furnish links with the railway between the stations and outlying villages and small towns in different parts of the country needing improved travelling facilities. The place selected for the commencement of the experiment is the line between Stonehouse and Chalford, in the Stroud Valley, a distance of about seven miles. It is hoped that the service will start in the early autumn.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off. Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR. Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour. Is not a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin or even white linen. Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER can be obtained throughout the British Colonies, India, United States of America, &c., &c.

Use the genuine

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

"The Universal Perfume." For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

DIARRHŒA.

DURING the last half-century everyone travelling in hot climates has made a point of carrying some

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE so as to be in a position to immediately stop an attack of DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA, &c.

Hot weather is due in the British Isles, and everyone should take a little precaution. Don't wait till you actually want the Chlorodyne; you might be driven to sending an ignorant messenger for the medicine you require, and some substitute might be pushed on him.

You want

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

BUTTERCUP METAL POLISH

Gives employment to a large number of English work-girls and men, and is superior both in brilliancy and lasting properties to the Foreign Polishing Pastes.

BEST FOR BRASS, COPPER, & METALS.

In 2d., 4d., and 6d. Tins.

CHISWICK SOAP CO., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

PERTH WHISKY DE LUXE.



Matthew Gloag's Liqueur Scotch Whisky, "Grouse" Brand

4/- per dozen Bottles, Net Cash. Carriage Paid. Export, 2/- per case, f.o.b. Sample 6d. Post Free.

MATTHEW GLOAG, PERTH, N.B. Established 1800. Write for Price List.

D'ALMAINE AND CO.—PIANOS AND ORGANS. All Improvements.

Approval Carriage Free both ways. Easy terms. 20 years' warranty. Secondhand good Cottages from 7 guineas; iron-framed, full trichord Pianos from 10/6 per month. Organs from 4 guineas. Full price paid allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument.

D'ALMAINE and CO. (Estd. 118 years), 97, Finchbury Pavement, E.C. Open till 7. Saturdays 3.



PETERS & SONS, CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS. By appointment To His Majesty King Edward VII. and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales. 53, PARK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

MELLIN'S FOOD



CONTAINS NO STARCH.

It is of the utmost value throughout life, from early infancy to extreme old age.

Sample Post Free. Mention this Paper.

MELLIN'S FOOD, Ltd., PECKHAM, S.E.

London Office, 20 Cockspur St., S.W.



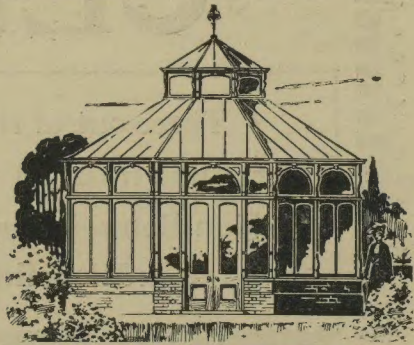
THERE IS NO DOUBT about the age & genuineness

"CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY-

THE EXCISE DEPT of the Canadian Government guarantee these by a Certificate over the capsule of every bottle.

Obtainable throughout the World.

BOULTON & PAUL, LTD., HORTICULTURAL BUILDERS, NORWICH.



DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES SUBMITTED.

Ladies and Gentlemen waited upon by appointment. ESTIMATES SUBMITTED.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD., BELFAST, And 156 to 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Manufacturers to His Most Gracious Majesty the King.

CAMBRIC Children's, 1/3 doz. HEMSTITCHED. Ladies', 2/3 " Ladies', 2/9 doz. Gents', 3/3 " Gents', 3/11 "

POCKET

SAMPLES & PRICE HANDKERCHIEFS LISTS POST FREE

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

COCKLE'S Antibilious PILLS

THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE

IN BOXES AT 1/1 2/9 4/6 1/- EACH

10 YEARS OLD.

O.V.H.

A selection of the best Highland Whiskies in perfect combination and condition.

GREER'S WHISKY

WM. GREER & CO., Glasgow; and 13-14, Trinity Square, London.

15 YEARS OLD.

IMPERIAL LIQUEUR.

A Luxury in Whisky.

HOVENDEN'S "EASY" HAIR CURLER

WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.



FACSIMILE OF LABEL.



FACSIMILE OF LABEL.



FACSIMILE OF LABEL.



FACSIMILE OF LABEL.

ARE EFFECTIVE,
AND REQUIRE NO SKILL
TO USE.

For Very Bold Curls

TRY OUR
"IMPERIAL"
CURLERS.

SAME PRICE
12 CURLERS IN BOX.

Post Free for 8 Stamps
OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS, &c.

BEWARE OF
SPURIOUS
IMITATIONS.
The GENUINE
bear our
TRADE MARK
on right-hand
corner of
label, thus:



Wholesale only, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Ltd.,
BERNERS STREET, W., & CITY ROAD, E.C.,
LONDON.

RALEIGH

PROMPT DELIVERY
can now be given of the

MARVELLOUS THREE SPEED CYCLE Gear.

(Sturmev and Archer's Patent.)

Free
Wheel
on each
Gear.

The
Book of the Raleigh for 1903
Contains full particulars, interesting and
instructive articles on cycle manufacture, &c.
It should be read before buying any cycle.
FREE from Raleigh Agents everywhere.

London Depot: 41, Holborn Viaduct.
Bristol Depot: 83, Queen's F.d.,
or by post from
THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., Ltd.
NOTTINGHAM.

DEAFNESS

And HEAD NOISES Relieved by Using
WILSON'S
COMMON-SENSE EAR-DRUMS.

A New Scientific Invention, entirely different in
construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf
when all other devices fail, and where medical skill
has given no relief. They are soft, comfortable, and
invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Paper.

WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.
Drum in Position. D. H. WILSON, 59, South Bridge, EDINBURGH.

CASH'S HEMSTITCH FRILLING

The wide widths are used for Trimming Bed Linen,
Pillow Slips, Children's Cots, &c. The narrow
widths for Ladies' and Children's Underclothing, &c.
Made in widths from 1/2 in. to 4 1/2 in.



Pillow Cases and Sheet trimmed with Cash's
Hemstitch Frilling.

Please see that each Card of Frilling bears the name and trade mark
of J. & J. Cash, Ltd., as there are now many inferior imitations
of our well-known Frillings offered to the Public.

The "Gentlewoman" says: "Messrs. Cash's Frillings are
such dainty and withal such inexpensive trimmings for Ladies' and
Children's Underclothing that when quality, appearance, and dura-
bility are taken into consideration the careful housewife or busy
mother will not be without them."

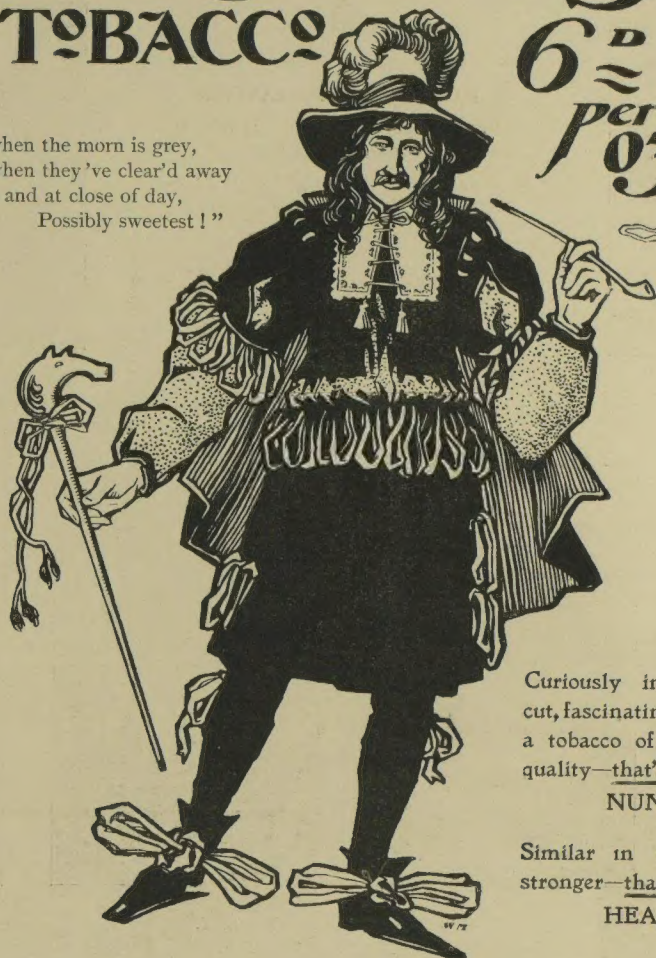
New Illustrated Pattern Book Free from the Manufacturers.

J. & J. CASH, LTD., COVENTRY.
And at 66, GRAND ST., NEW YORK, U.S.

THREE NUNS TOBACCO

6^d
per
oz

"Sweet when the morn is grey,
Sweet when they've clear'd away
Lunch; and at close of day,
Possibly sweetest!"



Curiously individual in
cut, fascinating in flavour,
a tobacco of the primeest
quality—that's "THREE
NUNS"!

Similar in flavour, but
stronger—that's "KING'S
HEAD"!

Both are obtainable everywhere, at 6d. per oz., in 1-oz. packets
and 2-oz. and 4-oz. tins.

"Three Nuns" Cigarettes are sold in packets of 10, at 4d. per packet.

J. & F. BELL, Ltd., Glasgow.

PORTABLE ELECTRIC LIGHTS

NO. 1 GIVES
5000 FLASHES
PRICE 12/6
REFILLS 1/6

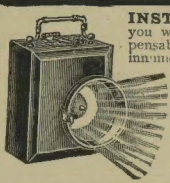
NO WIRES
NO LIQUIDS
NO DANGER

A BEDROOM BLESSING

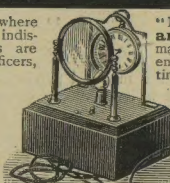
PRESS
THE BUTTON
IT LIGHTS

"EVER-READY" ELECTRIC TORCH

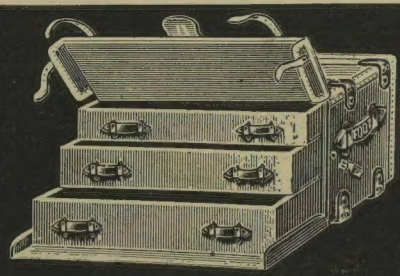
"Ever Ready"
House or
Hand Lamp
No. 12. Highly
equipped and
well made,
complete with
Battery, 14/6.
Refills, 1/6
each.
Post paid
in the United
Kingdom



INSTANT ELECTRIC LIGHT when and where
you want it. Invaluable round the house, and indis-
pensable to Country Gentlemen. Its uses are
innumerable to Clergymen, Naval and Army Officers,
Mining Engineers, Surveyors, Librarians,
Naturalists, &c. Can be lighted in a
keg of Gunpowder without any danger.
Illustrated Catalogue of Ever-Ready
Electrical Novelties by return, Post Free.
British Mutoscope & Biograph Co.,
Ltd. (Dept. J), 18 & 19, Great Windmill
Street, London, W.



"Ever-Ready" Watch Stand
and Night Light, fitted with
magnifying lens and long cord,
enabling person in bed to see
time without exertion. Also
illuminates
the room.
Price com-
plete, 14/6.
Refills, 1/6
each. Post
paid in the
United Kingdom.

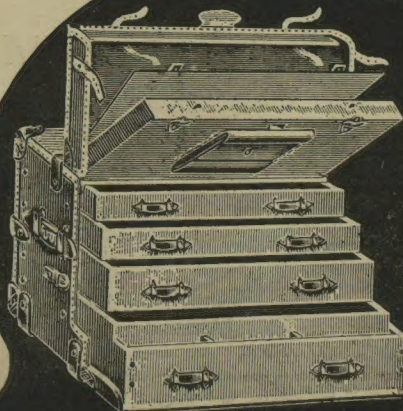


FOOTS' TRUNKS

No Crushing
No Confusion
More Convenience
Easy Access
to all Parts
Contents Always
in Order
Every Article
Get-at-able

Catalogue "Trunks for Travellers"
Post free.

J. Foot & Son,
DEPT. T.B. 7,
171 New Bond Street,
LONDON, W.

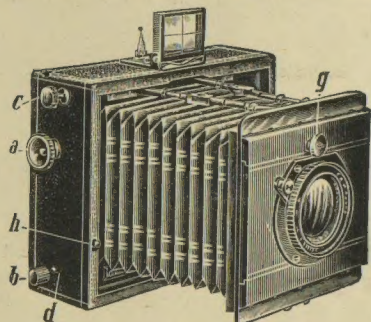


When buying an
UMBRELLA
insist upon having a
FOX'S FRAME.
Fox's are the best!

£60 GUINEAS
SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"
LIVERPOOL
FOR TRAINING
YOUNG GENTLEMEN
TO BECOME OFFICERS
IN THE MERCANTILE NAVY.
FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO
CAPT. H. W. BROADBENT LIEUT. R.N.R.

CARL ZEISS OF JENA.

THE
Minimum Palms.



A New Folding Camera

For INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY.

Fitted with Focal Plane Shutter. The width of the
slit can be conveniently adjusted, and read off from
the outside.

ADAPTED FOR THE MOST RAPID LENSES.

Detailed Pamphlet B 3, post free on application.

London Branch: 29, Margaret Street, Regent Street, W.

"FOR THE EMPIRE." EVERY BOY SHOULD SHOOT.

ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.
No. 1 size, 22/6; No. 3, 35/-

The "LABALLE" Guns are of much sounder
construction than the ordinary "Gem" pattern
Air Guns, and they shoot with from 30 to 50 per
cent. greater force. A "LABALLE" Air Gun is a very suitable
Birthday Present for a boy.

TARGET AND ROOK AND RABBIT RIFLES.
Remington Pattern Rifles, 12/- and 20/-. Martini Rifles, 27/6, 35/-,
45/-, 65/-, 120/-. Other patterns from 10/- to 300/-.

A Jeffery 12" Remington Rifle made in 12 consecutive 2 in. Bull's-eyes
in the Ladies' Match at Aldershot Rifle Meeting, distance 50 yards.
These Cheap Rifles are all carefully rifled. Jeffery's K 255 Target or
Rabbit Rifle is the most accurate miniature Rifle and is very powerful.

Jeffery's 400 S Rifle is the most powerful small bore, and has the
longest range of any sporting or military weapon, and is the most
accurate shooting Rifle ever made.

Jeffery's 600 Elephant Rifle is the most powerful obtainable, and
shoots with great accuracy and gives little recoil.

Jeffery's are the leading Rifles of the present day both for Target
and Game-Shooting, and hold the Records for accurate shooting.
Price Lists of New and Secondhand Guns and Rifles post free.
W. J. JEFFERY & CO., 60, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and
18, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.

GENUINE MILK-CHOCOLATE
IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS

PETER'S THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE

Absolutely Pure; Invigorating and Sustaining.
Sold Everywhere in 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., & 1s. Tablets;
6d. & 1s. Croquettes.

Sole Agents (Trade only): S. J. MACKENZIE & CO., Ltd.
Shacklewell Lane, Dalston, London, N.E.

REFUSE IMITATIONS. INSIST ON PETER'S

Suppose you want to ride away
At sixty words a minute.
You've just to use a "Glideaway."
Marconi isn't in it.

PERRY 'GLIDEAWAY'

(REGISTERED)

PENS



FOR
RAPID
WRITERS

ASSORTED
BOX
18
SAMPLES
6d

GLIDEAWAY

OF ALL STATIONERS - WHOLESALE - OLD BAILEY, LONDON

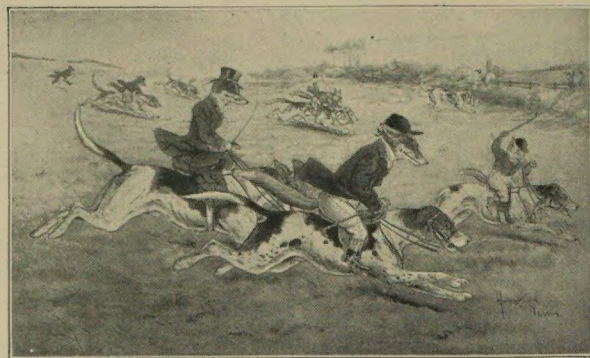
OUR FINE-ART PLATES.



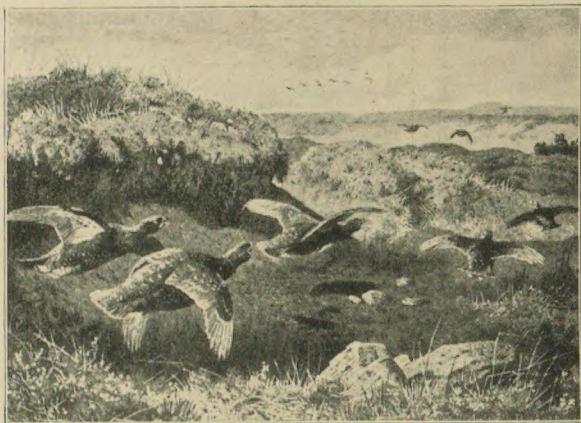
GOING TO THE MEET.
After H. Neilson.

A PAIR OF PHOTOGRAVURES.
Size, 20 in. by 11½ in., upon Mounts 32 in. by 24 in.
Coloured by hand.
Price £4 4s. per pair; Unsigned ditto, £3 3s.;
Plain Signed Proofs, £2 2s. per pair;
Prints, £1 1s. per pair.

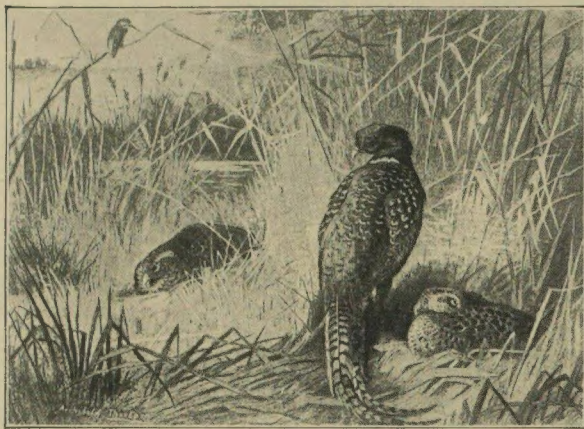
Descriptive Card supplied with each Plate.



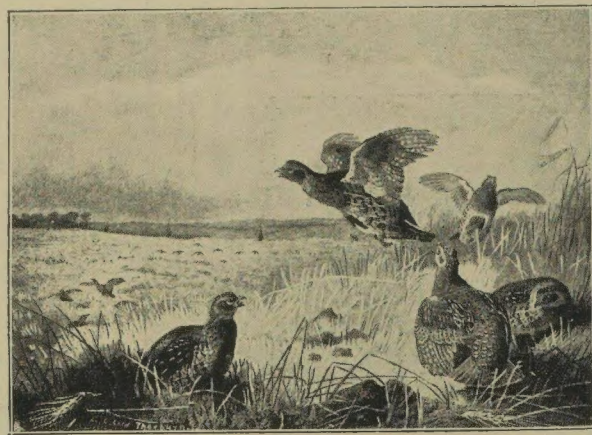
IN THE FIRST FLIGHT.
After H. Neilson.



GROUSE GLIDING UP TO GUNS.
After Archibald Thorburn.



ON THE OUTLYING BEAT.
After Archibald Thorburn.



A DRIVE.
After Archibald Thorburn.

A Set of Three Etchings by F. KROSKEWITZ. Size of etched surface, 11 in. by 8 in., upon Vellum, with Mount 24 in. by 17 in. £2 2s. each Signed Proof, or the Set of Three for £5 5s.
Edition restricted to 100.

A Beautiful Plate after the Academy Painting by Marcus Stone, R.A., "ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER." Limited Edition, 300 Signed Proofs, 22 in. by 11½ in., upon Mount 36 in. by 24 in., £3 3s. each. Ready shortly. Applications for this Edition should be sent in without delay. Illustrated Lists Free.

PHOTOGRAVURE DEPARTMENT, "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," 198, STRAND, W.C.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD., BELFAST,

And 166 to 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Manufacturers to His Most Gracious Majesty the King.

IRISH Collars. Gentlemen's 4-fold, from 4/11 per doz.

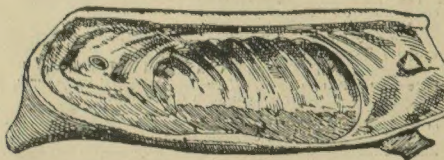
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz.

Shirts. Fine Quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per 1/2 doz. (to measure, 2/- extra).

SAMPLES & PRICE LISTS POST FREE. AND SHIRTS.

N.B.—Old Shirts made good as new with good materials in Neck Bands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for 14/- the 1/2 doz.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.



WHY NOT BUY

GOOD BACON

FIRST HANDED?

Edward Miles, Montpelier, Bristol, will send 40 lb. Side of his delicious Smoked, Dairy-fed, at 8d. per lb.; Unsmoked, 7½d. Carriage Paid anywhere.

Contractor to the London County Council.

TRIUMPH Cycles

£10 10 to £19 19

or by Deferred Payment System.

"The Best Bicycle that British Workmanship can produce."

CATALOGUES GRATIS.

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO. LTD., COVENTRY

4 and 5, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

30 Deansgate Arcade, Manchester 4 King Edward St. Leeds

DALLMEYER'S

FOR NAVAL AND MILITARY OFFICERS AND SPORTSMEN.



FOR TRAVELLERS, NATURALISTS, AND FOR THEATRE USE.

WIDE RANGE OF SEPARATION between CENTRES of EYEPIECES. (PATENT.)

LIGHTNESS.

They weigh about 2 oz. less than other glasses of similar power.

DURABILITY.

Prisms fixed in rigid frame can be easily adjusted if necessary.

CONVENIENCE.

Can be focussed, adjusted, etc., while holding in one hand.

J. H. Dallmeyer, Ltd., 25, Newman St., London, W.

DUBONNET TONIC WINE

Stimulating—Strengthening

TONIC WINE.

PICK-ME-UP.

The Best in the World.

Largest Sale in the World.

AVERAGE SALE DAILY IN FRANCE	1900	10,000 Bottles.
"	1901	12,000 "
"	1902	15,000 "

It is recommended by the medical profession as giving tone to the digestive organs, and as an excellent specific in cases of loss of appetite, debility, and depression.

It is indispensable in cold, damp weather, and most valuable in tropical countries, where it is the surest prophylactic against fever and ague.

It is also a most refreshing beverage when mixed with soda-water and ice during periods of extreme heat.

One Glass of DUBONNET TONIC WINE taken before each meal STIMULATES the APPETITE, STRENGTHENS the CONSTITUTION, and PROLONGS LIFE.

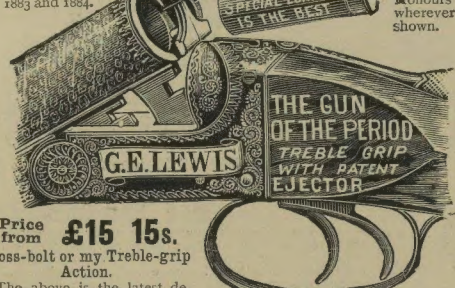
Can be obtained from all Wine Merchants, Grocers, Stores, Hotels, Bars, &c. Price 2s. 8d. per Large Bottle.

Order locally, but if any difficulty in obtaining DUBONNET TONIC WINE, write to the Sole Agents for the United Kingdom and Colonies, INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., 26, Upper Thames St., London, E.C., who will forward One Dozen Bottles on receipt of 3/2s.

G. E. LEWIS' "THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."

AS AN EJECTOR.

Paris, 1879; Sydney, 1879 and 1880; Melbourne, 1880 and 1881; and Calcutta, 1883 and 1884.



Price from £15 15s. Cross-bolt or my Treble-grip Action.

The above is the latest development of "The Gun of the Period," fitted with the newest and best Patent Ejector, combined with G. E. Lewis's Treble Grip.

We also make this Gun as a Non-Ejector, with treble-grip or cross-bolt action, at 12 Guineas and upwards, or with top-lever and double-bolt from 10 Guineas.

Our Stock of Sporting Guns and Rifles, Ready for Delivery, is the largest in England. Send for 200 page Illustrated Catalogue of finished Stock, giving bend, weight, and full description of every gun. We invite Sportsmen to come and inspect our Stock. Any Gun or Rifle may be Tested at our Range before Purchase.

REPAIRS.—All kinds of Repairs by a Staff of the most skilled Workmen in the Trade. Quotations Free.

Secondhand Guns by other Makers taken in Exchange.

G. E. LEWIS, 32 & 33, Lower Loveday St., BIRMINGHAM.

(Established 1850.)

GUN AND RIFLE WORKS.



CROZINE TESTIMONIALS

ALL CIVILIZED NATIONS Testify to the Merits of HAUTHAWAY'S "CROZINE BLACKING"

Unlike all others, better than all others. Gives the most wear-proof shine ever known. Holds the record for keeping the boots brilliant as the sun, soft as the moon. No acid in it. Nothing but leather food with the shine in it.

Makes boots and shoes wear better, and helps keep the feet feeling easier, because "Crozone" makes the leather soft as wool and pliable as elastic.

Get the Genuine at all Boot Stores, and see that it bears the name of "C. L. Hauthaway & Sons, Sole Makers, Boston, U. S. A."

Beware of Imitations. They are Always Dangerous.